

Life

APRIL 19, 1928

PRICE 15 CENTS



A Bad Lie

Worth More... *because they* *give* More

Speed... smaller wheels... four
wheel brakes... traffic signals
... faster get-a-way... concrete
roads... reduce the mileage and
increase the cost of ordinary tires.

Hood Balloon Tires—flat tread
from the beginning—are built to
meet 1928 driving conditions,
at prices that make for real
economy. Try a set.

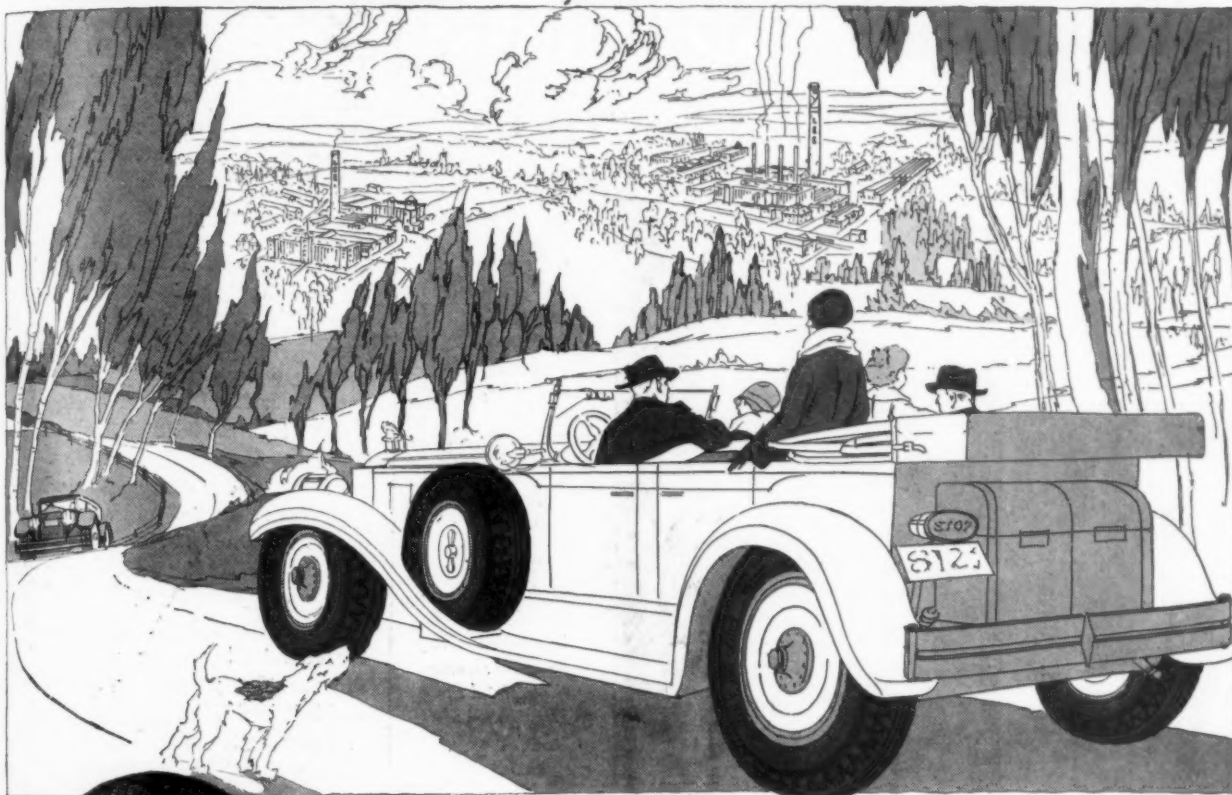
Made by Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.



RUBBER FOOTWEAR	CANVAS SHOES	PNEUMATIC TIRES	SOLID TIRES	HEELS - SOLES - TILING
HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS				

APRIL ADVICE—RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



This new 6 Ply 30x4.50-21" Lee Shoulderbilt is designed to give both new and old Fords, Chevrolets and Stars a tire of unparalleled service and dependability.

It wasn't so many years ago that a successful 50 mile trip in a "horseless carriage" at 15 miles per hour was a great accomplishment.

Even if the "sparkers" didn't clog, or the "mixer" didn't get out of adjustment, the glass and tack-strewn road exacted its toll on the tires. Punctures were so common that it was a pleasant surprise to go 50 miles without one.

Mr. J. Ellwood Lee stopped those punctures with his Puncture-Proof Tires. They were, and still are, the only pneumatic tires which laugh at nails, glass, thorns and cactus.

The Flat Tread De Luxe, and the Lee Shoulderbilt Balloon are more modern strokes of pioneering genius.

The most recent Lee contribution is a 6 Ply over-size heavy duty balloon tire, designed especially for Fords, Chevrolets and Stars. Sturdy and big, it offers to owners of these new and old cars more than adequate tire equipment for, perhaps, the first time.

With plant equipment equal to the best; with years of experience, and a determination to maintain the Lee prestige, we believe you can ride on any tire by Lee of Conshohocken, with a feeling of security and comfort, knowing that no dollar will buy greater economy—anywhere.

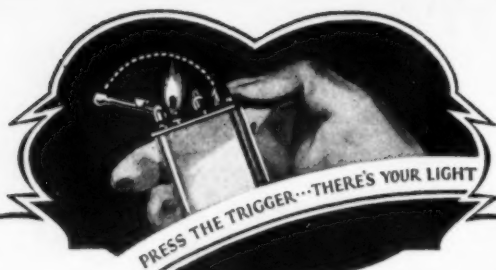


LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Factories: Conshohocken, Pa. and Youngstown, Ohio

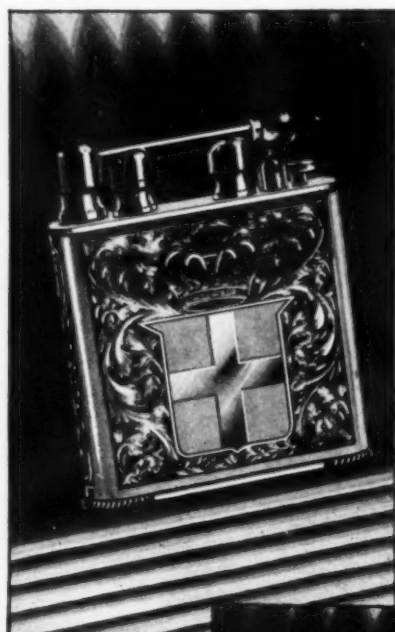
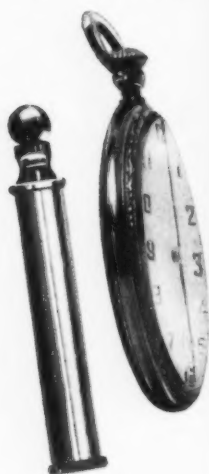


COST NO MORE TO BUY - MUCH LESS TO RUN



You might as well have
an *automatic* lighter

The Silhouette
Douglass—
thin as a modern watch



The illustration
shows the beautiful
gold Douglass order-
ed for a Prince of
the House of Savoy



The Douglass
windshield attach-
ment for Silhouette
or Standard models,
\$1. Here shown on
triple plated silver
Douglass priced at
\$10

IT'S so much simpler just to press a trigger and get a light. So much neater—no soiling of hand or glove.

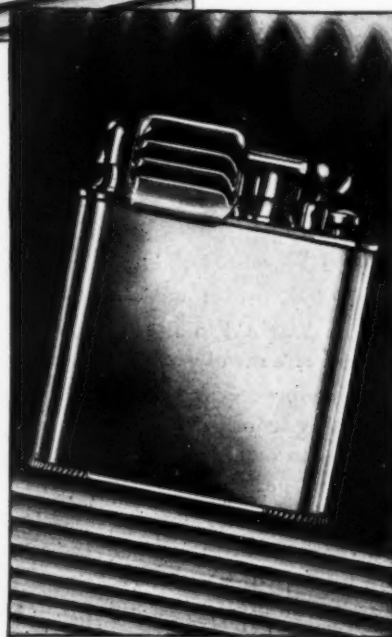
The Douglass is automatic; precise in action; always dependable. Unique in that.

Silhouette Douglasses, moreover, are distinctively thin—379 thousandths of an inch thin. Graceful as a modern watch, as the trickiest French compact.

The better shops have Douglass Lighters. Silhouette models from \$10 to \$1000; Standard models at \$5 and up. They also have Douglass Fluid in cans so convenient you'll never let your lighter go dry.



Sponsored by HARGRAFT,
Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, Canadian distributor:
A. W. W. Kyle Co., 3 St. Nicholas St., Montreal, Quebec



The Poet Turns Big Business Man

"GOOD morning, Miss Gepulp; I was held up this morning. What's on the calendar for to-day? ... Oh, yes! An ode to Spring. If any one calls just say that I'm tied up for the present with an ode to Spring.... Did I write an ode to Spring last year, Miss Gepulp?... Well, look it up under 'S,' please. I think you'll find it in 'matters pending' between 'Souls Afire' and 'Starlight, Oh, Starlight.'... Thanks. ... Where are the shipping instructions, Miss Gepulp?... Well, they should have been attached. Look up shipments to *McGill's Weekly* and see if they've ever had our Ode to Spring.... They have, eh? Have they had our model L2, starting, 'Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the dew'?... That was returned in good condition, was it?... Oh, well; they probably thought the meter was out of style. I'll send them something with a 1928 nickel-plated finish—very latest thing in Odes.

"Look under 'Rhymes' and find me something to go with 'Come, gentle Spring.'... We must have that in stock, Miss Gepulp, unless we've underestimated our production for the calendar year.... Oh! Never mind! Bring me the 'ing' file for 1927; and, by the way, I couldn't find 'Showers' the other day and finally it turned up under 'Rejection Slips' in the Finished Business department.... I know that, Miss Gepulp, but we must have more efficiency around this office."

J. C.

Why Mrs. O'Brien Hung Out a Sign, "Rooms—Men Only"

"NO, Miss Coon is out."

"No, Gertie isn't here now."

"No, Miss Haines isn't in this evening. I don't know."

"No, Gertie's out to-night."

"No, I couldn't tell you."

"No, I don't know where she moved."

"No, Miss Coon isn't in yet."

"No, Miss Haines is out to-night."

"No, I don't know."

"No."

"No."

"No."

"No."

"Not yet."

"No."

James A. Sanaker.



More than a million are riding with ETHYL

IT took seven years to develop Ethyl Gasoline—but it took only months for the motoring public to discover its advantages.

Today more than a million car owners are riding with Ethyl. They are enjoying a new standard of engine performance—more power on hills and heavy roads, faster pick-up, reduced gear-shifting, a cooler, smoother motor under all driving conditions. And to the owners of the new high compression automobiles, Ethyl is giving a still bigger thrill.

Follow the army of Ethyl users to the nearest Ethyl pump. It is identified by the trademark shown above. And the price of Ethyl Gasoline is simply the price of good gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the "ETHYL" ingredient costs.

Ethyl makes good gasoline better.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City

ETHYL GASOLINE

Facts about Ethyl Gasoline

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors Research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("ETHYL" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

"ETHYL" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "ETHYL" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "ETHYL" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

If your car is designed to operate

on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

Eliminate "that knock" and power loss

Make carbon deposits a source of extra power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is the high compression fuel.

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

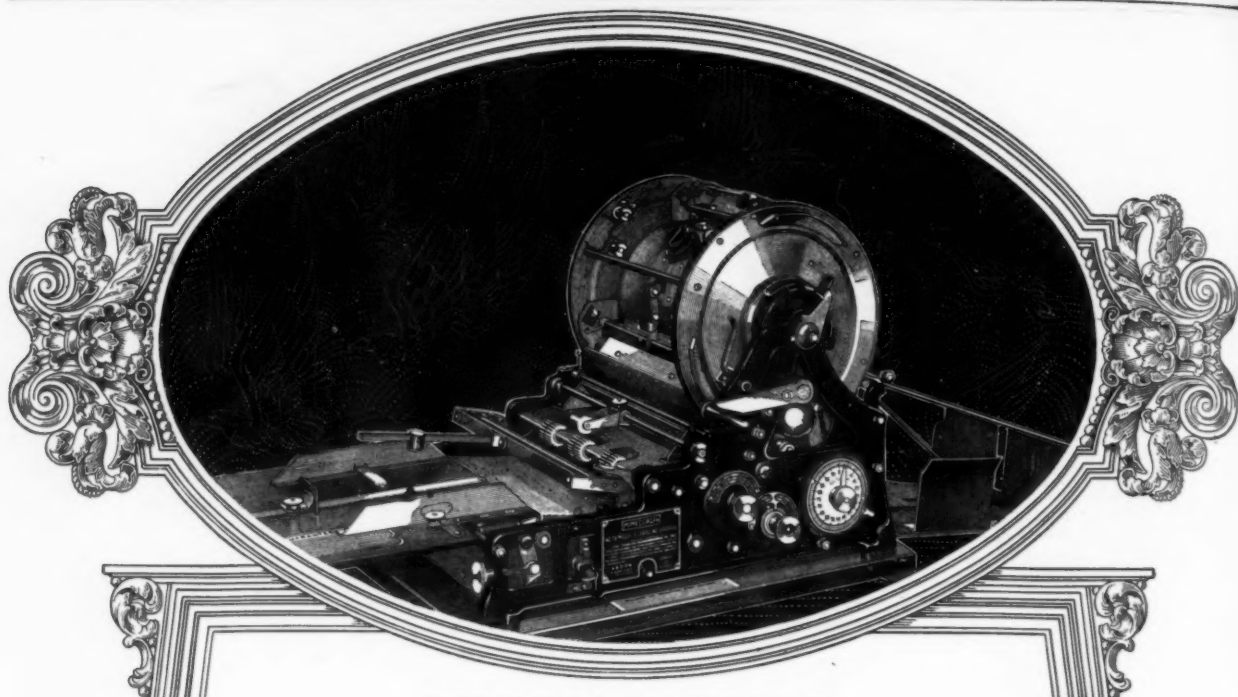
Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark shown above.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.



SWIFT FLYING

It is not mere speed, but *flying speed*, that has made the Mimeograph a great duplicating device. Its ability to produce, with faithful accuracy, thousands of clean-cut duplicates in every hour of the working day, has given it prominent place among the outstanding economizers of the age. By the simple writing, with typewriter or stylus, on a stencil sheet, letters, bulletins, forms, maps, charts or diagrams are ready for duplicating. No expert help needed. No time lost in preparation. A thousand letters ready for mailing within a few minutes. And privately printed. The excellent work, which the Mimeograph does smoothly, *at flying speed*, is an important matter we would stress to you. Send today for interesting booklet to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

M I M E O G R A P H



Life

If Bluebeard Had Lived To-day

"NOW, look here, Bluebeard, you promised me you'd clean out that attic to-day! I'm tired of seeing all those dusty old wives of yours littering up the place."

"Yes, my dear."

"What terrible taste in women you had before you met me! That awful blonde creature—which wife was she?"

"The fifth, darling."

"Well, I took a good look at her hair the other day, and I give you my word it was simply bleached in the most obnoxious manner! I suppose you thought it was naturally blonde."

"Yes, my dear."

"Men are so silly. Why, the merest child could fool you!... Now, Bluebeard, what did I tell you about leaving that rusty old axe on my nice clean rug? Take it away this minute!"

"Certainly, darling."

"Bluebeard!"

"What is it now, my dear?"

"You didn't shave this morning! Your beard is all blue again! Now,



THE NIGHT SIFT

don't tell me you forgot to buy blades—you just don't care! I never saw such an untidy man."

"I'll go and shave right away.... Darling, my razor's locked up in the medicine closet. Will you let me have the key?"

Norman R. Jaffray.

Our Own Advice to the Lovelorn

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
And gets therefrom a dirty deal,
The Goldsmith cure for melancholy
For me has very scant appeal.

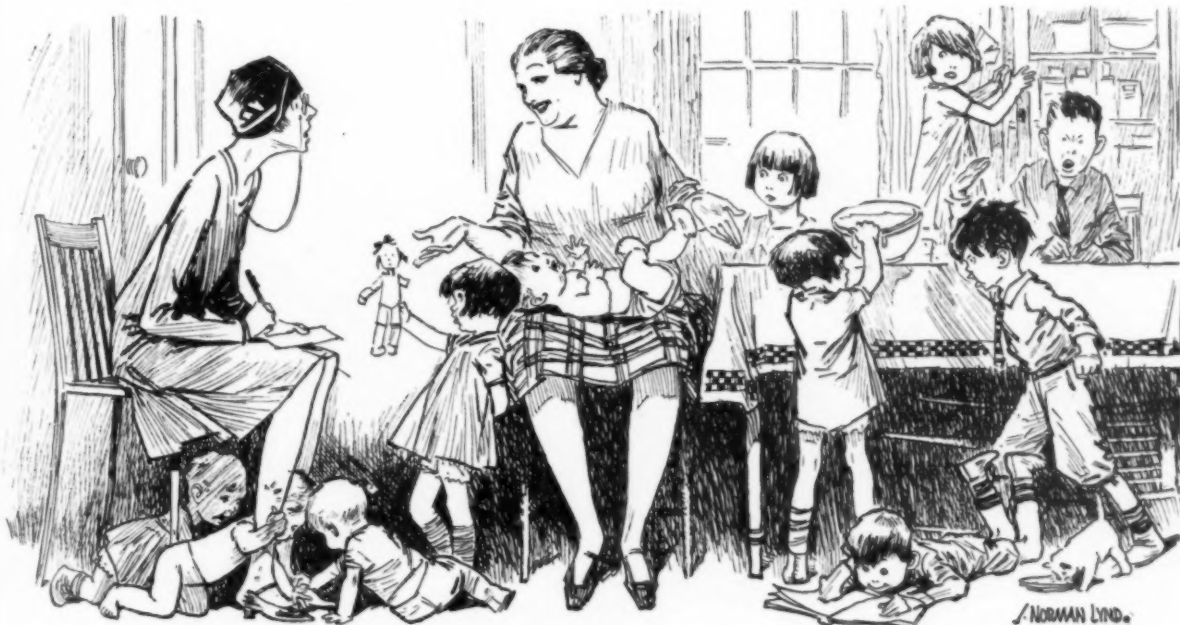
Why think of anything so stupid
As lethal drops or .38's?
Why let a losing bout with Cupid
Tempt you to crash the Pearly Gates?

On many ladies I can ponder
Of Oliver's own classic day
Who let their better judgment wander
Yet lived to have a lot to say.

The future's full of pleasant weather,
The woods are overrun with beaux.
Come, lady, pull yourself together
And put some powder on your nose.

Baird Leonard.

REVISED Version: "She is such a nice girl, wasn't she?"



SOCIAL WORKER: Mrs. Gottenbaum, can you tell me just how many children you have?
"Vy, mebbe I kin figger. Let me t'ink—t'ree to once, two to twicet, and vun I dun't know how many times,"



"Man, you certainly work fast in your love-making!"
"I have to—I'm a commuter."

The Sweet Girl Grad You Hate

HE: You graduated from Smith, didn't you?

SHE: Yes, my dear—can you bear it?

HE: Why, I think that's great. I think it's a fine thing for a girl to go to college.

SHE: But don't you think most college girls are awful frumps? I mean I think most girls just go to college because they aren't popular at dances.

HE: I'm sure that wasn't your reason.

SHE: Well, I really went just for fun. I mean I got simply just too tired of roaring round to parties and things all the entire time, do you know what I mean?

HE: What courses interested you especially?

SHE: Honestly, my dear, you simply *slay* me! I mean you never have to *study* to get through if you have any *sense*. But I had the most screaming time in this *chemistry* course effect because this professor kept making *violent love* to me and did all my experiments for me—can you bear it?

HE: Really?

SHE: Yes, my dear, it was simply *howling*! I mean I had a *terribly* good time at college, because I sim-

ply never took anything seriously, do you know what I mean?

HE: I see.

SHE: I mean I think that's the whole reason most college girls are so frightfully unattractive and all because they take it all so seriously, sort of, they *lose* all their *feminine charm* or something, do you know what I mean?

Lloyd Mayer.

Two Financial Reporters Get Together

"HEAR you've been sick, Bill—or is that a wild rumor?"

"No, Joe—had a bad cold or something. Wednesday morning was featured by an unprecedented fluctuation in my temperature."

"What did it open at?"

"It opened at 99.2, then broke violently, descending to new low ground at 95.2. I covered."

"No upswing?"

"Oh, yes—a substantial rise. Feverish activity set in and at noon a record high was reached with 102. It held firmly, with no signs of a reactionary trend. The day's close was 102.4."

"Weak, eh?"

"Yes, and restless all night. One rapid turnover after another and the damned blankets were short. The next morning there was a partial recovery at 99, but by 1 P. M. the level was 102.8, completely wiping out the earlier improvement."

"No resistance?"

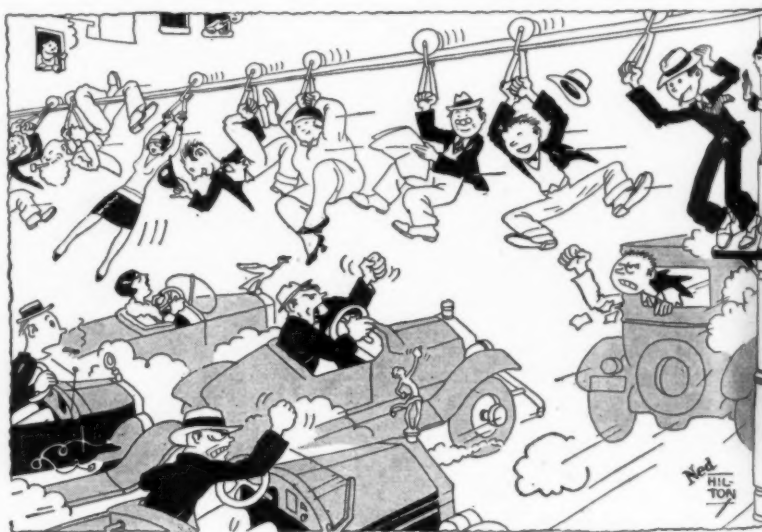
"Not until the following day. Then I rallied, showed signs of strength, and hardened. The day's final was 98.8."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to see you up to par again, Bill."

"Thanks. I feel bully now."

Tup.

WOMEN drivers refuse to take the straight and narrow path.



THE PEDESTRIANS' STRAPHANGING LEAGUE PUTS ONE OVER



A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

JUDGE: You've just pleaded guilty to yelling "Old iron, metal and bones" on the public streets. Now, have you anything to ask the court?

PRISONER: Yessir. Any old iron, metal and bones?

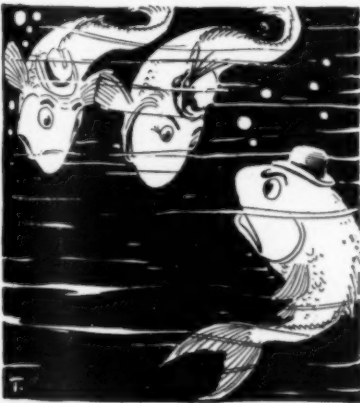
The Cart Before the Horse

"I WONDER if you keep corks? ...What kind of corks?...Why, just plain everyday cork corks, for a bottle, I guess....Oh, a dozen or so will be enough....Now, just a minute....Oh, yes! Here it is! 'Distilled water: one gallon.'...Now, have you any coriander?...About an ounce. I want a small medicine dropper, too....How much is that?...Do you keep glycerine?...I'll have a bottle of glycerine, please....Oh, just an ordinary bottle, say about *this* big....Now, let's see if

I've got everything....Oh, yes! I would like a hyjuniper....A *hyjuniper*....I think that's—oh, no! A *hydrometer*....Now, I would like a juniper....Oh, just a few, I guess....Oh! Yes, an ounce sounds about right, I guess....Now, let's see if I've forgotten anything....Oh, yes, I want three gallon jugs....No! One gallon—three one-gallon jugs....I'd like a dozen oranges and a dozen lemons, please....Have you any seltzer water?...I'll take three or four bottles, I guess....How about a funnel?...Haven't you one with a strainer?...Well, give me a funnel and a strainer separate, then.

"Now, I wonder if I might speak to you in private for a moment....(Whispering.) How - much - is - pure-bonded-Government-grain-alcohol?... You haven't!...Oh, Lord! They told me you carried it.... Then I guess I won't need those things that I ordered, after all.... Frosted chocolate, please."

Jack Cluett.



MR. FISH: Who's the boy friend?
MRS. FISH: Oh, just one of my old schoolmates.

Still More Data on the Average Man

HE thinks that a million dollars is an awful lot of money to pay a pricefighter.

As a boy he used to get a big kick out of roasting marshmallows.

When he and his wife visited Atlantic City the hotel clerk assigned them to a bridal suit.

He says he has got used to his mother-law and he likes one of his brother-laws as if he were his own brother.

His favorite ice cream is vanilla.

Three dollars and carfare is what his wife pays the washwoman.

When his children eat grapes he cautions them against swallowing the seeds because they may produce pen-dacitis.

His physician has given him something that will break up a cold just like that: it's a little white capsul.

Tup.

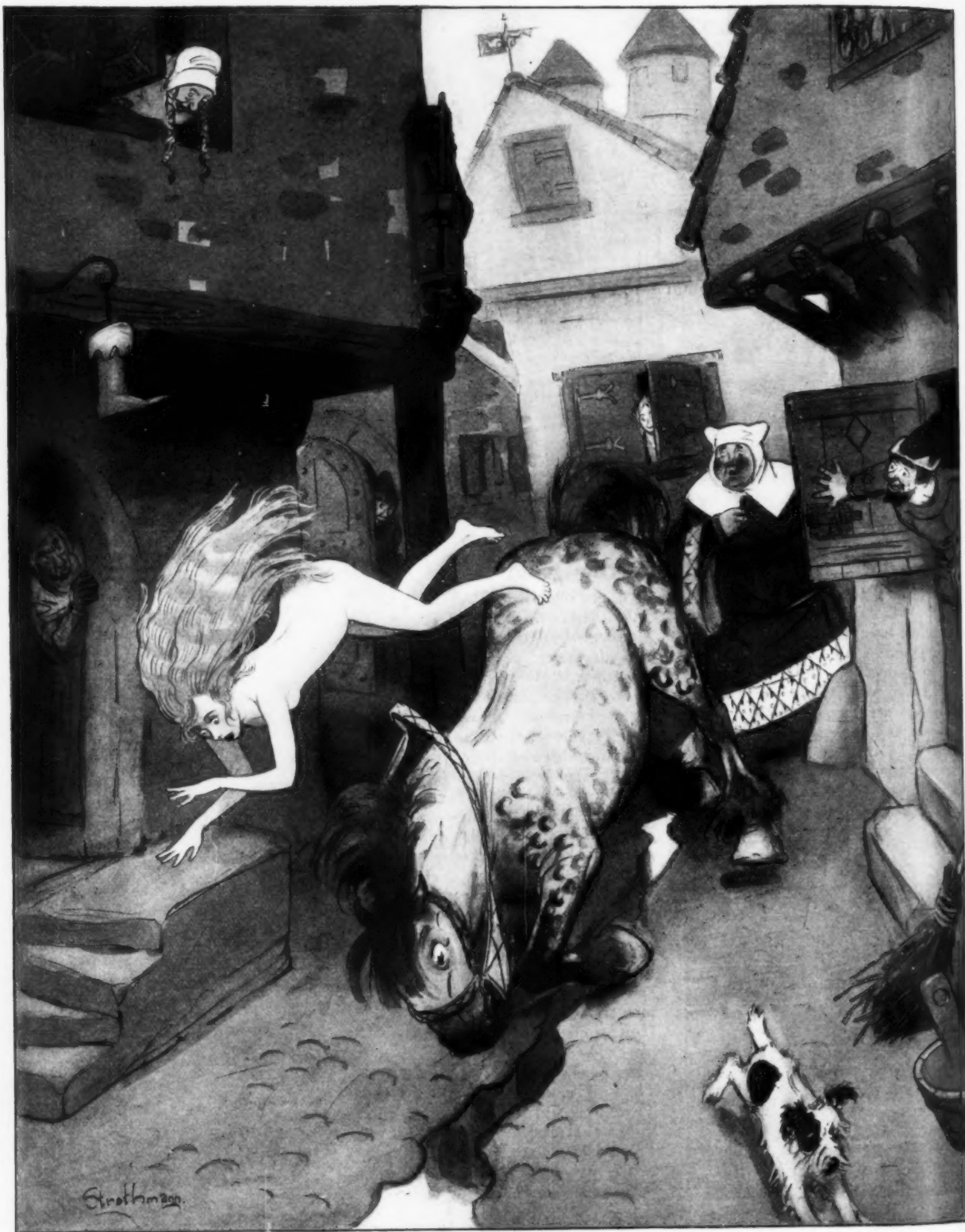
JUDGE: But why do you wish this divorce?

FAIR PLAINTIFF: Well, I'm thinking of getting married.



SHE: Oh, Jack, perhaps you'd better stop now. I believe I'm engaged to this driver.

NIGHT CLUB raiders are certainly getting down to brass tactics.



Lady Godiva Develops a Prince-of-Wales Complex

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The Babe Grows Older

TECHNICALLY speaking, a home run is a fast ball that has been killed in a collision or a curve ball that, under furious compulsion, has decided to go straight. Among the manufacturers of home runs a certain Babe Ruth is *facile princeps*, which is a Scandinavian phrase meaning "a large, stout gentleman with ears."

The only reprehensible point about this popular personage is that he has reformed. This sad defection from the ranks of the wicked has somewhat dimmed the lustre of the diamond and has even detracted from the gaiety of nations. If he wasn't the "bad man" of baseball, he was at least the *enfant terrible* of the world of sport.

CONSIDER a few of his adventures. Having been lodged in a city jail for finishing second in a race with a motorcycle cop, he used his cell as a boudoir, sent for his baseball uniform, donned it while still in durance vile and gave a brilliant coming-out party at the Polo Grounds twenty minutes after he left the prison. He was reported dying of influenza at Hot Springs in 1923. A few intimates were permitted to enter the darkened room and they found the proposed corpse expiring very comfortably with a big, black cigar in his mouth. He recovered, but the smoke from the cigar nearly killed the doctor.

BY way of making the Lord High Commissioner of Baseball, Judge Landis, feel perfectly at ease in his office, the Babe invited him to take a running dive into Lake Michigan. It was a public invitation, with gestures. He made a practice of snapping contemptuous fingers under the outraged nose of Miller Huggins, his immediate overlord. He defied dietary and disciplinary laws. He tripped the light fantastic at forbidden hours in hidden places where, as Cyril Egan put it, you go in with a whisper and come out with a shout. He considered one dozen hot dogs and six bottles of pop just a light snack between meals. He threw dust on the sacred mantle of many umpires. He chased a New York



GOLFER: Will you make up a twosome with me?

GIRL: Certainly not! I don't believe in these modern substitutes for marriage.

Central conductor from the Polo Grounds part way to Albany. Stricken with acute indigestion on a training trip, he treated his complaint with hot applications of beefsteak, smothered with onions, with the result that he fell senseless off a Pullman seat and landed on the front pages of all the newspapers in the country.

BUT now he is a changed man. He no longer does his roadwork on the primrose path of dalliance. He is affable with his employer,

Colonel Ruppert, and genial to his commanding officer, Manager Huggins. He curtsies to the umpires. He puts money in the bank. He has a book ("David Goes to Greenland"). He has taken out life insurance. Deadly respectability can go no further. The blight of civilization has fallen upon the Playboy of the Baseball World. He has reformed. Worse still, he has made it pay. Under his own reform administration he set a new home-run record last year and now he is drawing the largest salary of his career. As Sir John Falstaff put it: "This is enough to be the decay of late-walking through the realm!"

John Kieran.

Contrast

(A man buying a five-hundred-dollar car, paying one hundred down and the balance on.)

"PUT on anything in the line of accessories that don't come with the car. I'll stand the expense."

(A man buying a five-thousand-dollar car and paying cash.)

"The So-and-So Agency wouldn't give me any inducement to buy their car. Now if you'll give me a spare-tire cover free of charge and throw in a rear-view mirror perhaps we can do business." B. S.



THE LASS WHO LOVED AN AVIATOR

Chanson Macabre

WHEN the North wind howls
and the werewolf growls
And the dead raise Old Ned in
their ditches,
When the phantoms wake and their
skulls they stake
In a pinochle game with the
witches,
When the banshees scream by the
blood-red stream
And the ghosts rise in hosts,
weirdly weeping,
When the bats fly high 'gainst a
ghastly sky
And the Halloween goblins come
creeping,
When the dying moan and you're
home alone,
When the breeze in the trees
makes you nervous,
You're a boob indeed if you choose
to read
Any ballads (like this one) by
Service!

A. L. L.

Where He Could Go

CHARON had just failed in a try-
out for pilot of a modern ferry.
"Old fellow," they told him curtly,
"back to the Styx."



BALLPLAYER: We gave the umpire fifty bucks to
let us win the game.

FRIEND: And still you lost?

PLAYER: Yeah—the umpire was crooked.



THE BIRTH OF A SECRET

None of That Old Babbitt Stuff

"YOU a Rotarian, Joe?"
"Me a Rotarian, Bill? Huh!"
"Oh, you're a Kiwanian?"
"Bill, you're wetter an' wetter."
"Lions?"
"Lissen, Bill: none of that ol'
Babbitt stuff for me. Not me, Bill."
"Well, where do you get your fried
chicken once a week, Joe? Don't you
belong to any club?"

"Me belong to one of those
back-slappin' gangs? Huh!
Me sit around once a week
with a crowd of wowers?
Say, Bill, lemme tell you
something: any time you
catch me joining one of those
oufits, see? any time!"

"Oh, they ain't bad. Give
a fella a chance to get ac-
quainted."

"Yeah! Any time....
Say, lissen, Bill: that stuff
gives me a crick in the neck,
see? You can have alla
those clubs. Tell you what
I do: every Tuesday about
six of us regular fellas meet
in some café—different one
every week, see? The fella
whose birthday is nearest
gets the check, and boy,
maybe we don't razz him!
He has to provide the
smokes and trick hats, too,
see? Well, we have one
grand time. If we wanta
sing, by golly, we sing.
Everybody calls the other

fella by his first name. No chair-
man. No speeches, unless, of
course, one of the fellas brings a
guest who has something real im-
portant we'd like to hear. Just a
good time, Bill. We may fight for
business the rest of the week, Bill,
but that day we're just a good gang,
see? No formality. But we never
wind up without singing 'Hail Col-
umbia' or 'Dixie,' see? And as we
break up we shake hands all around,
and every fella gives his word as one
of the gang that no matter how fast
the competition gets during the week,
he's going to shoot square any time
he butts up against another member.
Bill, getting together with a gang
like that once a week really means
something. But these Rotarians an'
Kiwanians an' Lions....None of
that ol' Babbitt stuff for me, Bill."

Chet Johnson.

Spring Thoughts

.....gosh.....
.....gosh.....
.....I don't feel.....
.....like beating
.....that darn.....rug!
P. S. P.

SIMPSON: I hear you are discon-
tinuing your attentions to An-
nabel.

SAMPSON: Oh, yes, continually.

A Presidential Candidate Orders a Dinner

Immediately After Writing His Platform

"WHAT'S good to-day, waiter?"
"The tomato bouillon is very nice to-day, sir."

"I am in favor of tomato bouillon, but tell me—what are those people over there eating? Is that tomato bouillon?"

"It is cream of celery, sir."

"And over at that table and that—that—and 'way over there?"

"Cream of celery, sir."

"Bring me some cream of celery—and—let me see—I think I'll have—well, what would you suggest?"

"The chicken à la Maryland is very nice to-day, sir."

"It has met with approval, has it?"

"It is very nice, sir. I have heard no complaints."

"Have a majority of the people in here ordered it?"

"Some have—and then some have ordered the chicken cutlets and some the Virginia ham steak and some the sweetbreads, but most of 'em have had the chicken à la Maryland, sir."

"Well, I'll have that and you'd better throw in the chicken cutlets and the Virginia ham steak and the sweetbreads. Now as to vegetables—"

"How about a vegetable dinner, sir? You won't miss any of the popular vegetables then, sir."

"That's a good idea."

"Uh—will you have your tea and coffee and Postum and milk and buttermilk with your meal, sir?"

"We-ell, let me have—well, frankly, I'll have the tea and coffee with the meal and the Postum, milk, and buttermilk afterwards."

"Dessert—uh—desserts? Do you want to order them now or later?"

"Well, yes and no."

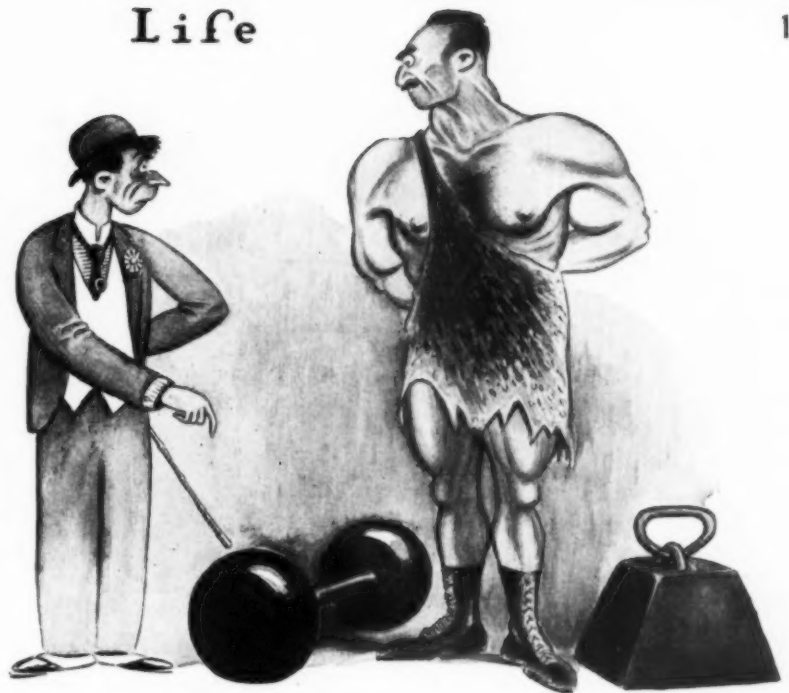
Tupper Greenwald.

Exterior Decorating

MOTHER: Why is it taking you so long to put on your dress?

DAUGHTER: I can't decide just where to put it.

PUBLISHERS of confessional magazines are living off the fatuous of the land.



"Say, buddie, what's inside o' them things?"

It's Time

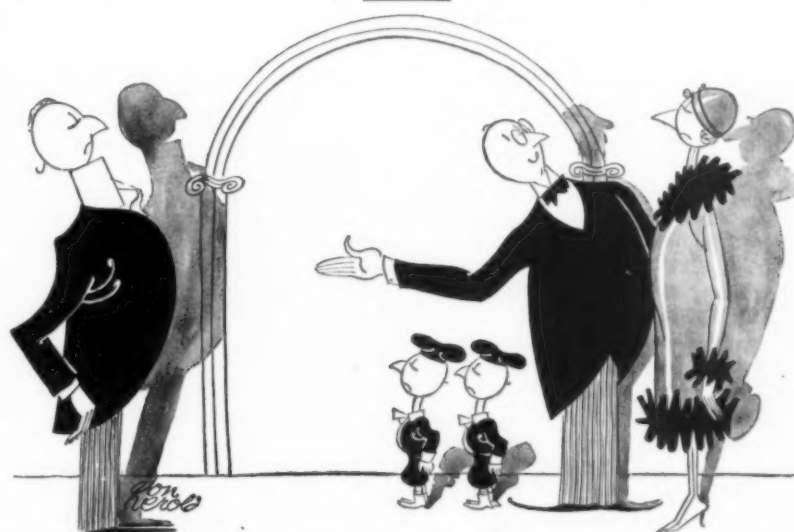
I AM not an impatient man—I know that Rome wasn't built in a day and that there's no use in trying to hurry up a plumber. When I am waiting for my wife to meet me, I never expect her until after she's actually there, and when I ask any of my children to do a certain thing, anything, I don't anticipate its being done until I do it myself. I have fished all day, with never a

complaint for the lack of so much as a nibble, and I know the futility of fretting and fuming because opportunity hasn't yet knocked at my door.

I have persistently believed that all things come to him who waits. I have always been perfectly willing to bide my time.

But now, I do wish they'd hurry up and get to the feature picture!

Marion E. Burns.



THE CLOTHING SALESMAN WHO WAS SO GOOD HE SOLD ONLY TO TWINS



OFF-STAGE WITH FAMOUS VAUDEVILLIANS
The Juggler Is Entertained at Tea

"Necessity Is the Mother of Invention"

"LO, Sam. What you been inventing lately?"

"Nothing much, Curt. I've patented a new knife that has blades for cutting tin-foil and scraping putty off windows. How about you?"

"Well, I've had my ear close to the ground, and I think there's a big field for a hookless fastener that will seal sardine cans."

"That's a good idea. The country needs something like that."

"Have you heard about Will? He's thought up several new names for fudge bars. One is called 'Oh, Min!' and I think the other is 'Goody Two-Chews.'"

"You got to hand it to Will. He

ought to insure his brains. Suppose something should by accident hit him on the head?"

"You're right, Sam. Inventors are valuable people. Why, what progress would there be if it wasn't for inventors like us?"

"Well, they say that the opportunity creates the man. We're lucky to be living at all in an age like this."

"I guess that's true. Necessity is the mother of invention.... Well, Sam, I've got to be getting back to work on my new fly-trap."

"So long, Curt. Drop around some time and see my combination earphone and radio headpiece for deaf mutes."

N. R. J.

The Blessing of Adam

O H, Work is a tonic
(In moderate doses)
For all of our chronic
Pains, sorrows, neuroses.
When busy with labor
There's no time to flurry
Or bother our neighbor
With tales of our worry.

And Work is a Winner;
It leads to successes;
It buys you your dinner,
It buys your wife's dresses.
The Gold or the Oil, or
The jewels of Ophir
Are grabbed by the Toiler
And not by the loafer.

And Work's a creator;
On plains and on ridges
From Pole to Equator
It lays tracks and bridges.
It fills us with fervent
And noble elation;
Yes, Work is a Servant
Of Civilization.

And Work is a duty,
A splendid endeavor
By which Art and Beauty
Will flourish forever.
Our progress it blazes;
A blessing I rate it.
Work merits my praises—
And, gosh, how I hate it!

Berton Braley.

Adult Recreation

"DID you enjoy the trip back from Los Angeles?"

"I'll say I did. A fellow who thought he had everybody believing that he was Ricardo Cortez and a girl who apparently imagined that she could pass for Marceline Day told a woman who was bent on conveying the impression that she was Irene Rich that I was Tom Mix."

Too Much Rope

ASSISTANT EDITOR: It seems as though every woman in the country were sending us poetry this week.

EDITOR: Yes, Dorothy Parker must have got out another book.

ADD SIMILES: "As useless as a rear-vision mirror on the front of a rowboat."

The President

SOME time after noon on March 4th next ex-President Coolidge will depart from Washington in Drawing Room A of a New England-bound express. Even the New York *World* will comment on his excellence, and thus will this strange figure return to private life, after having occupied more offices, State and Federal, than any other man with the exception of William H. Taft.

I have a theory that Mr. Coolidge will leave the White House without regret, which is more than can be said of many of his predecessors, to whom pomp and power have proved habit-forming drugs. Mr. Coolidge became President through an act of God, and he has since behaved with a deep humility that indicates grateful appreciation of the somewhat fickle largesse of Heaven.

ONE of the most notable things about the President is his dignity. There has been no three-ring circus at the Executive office since 1923. He has insisted that appropriate flourishes shall be blown on trumpets, that salutes shall be fired where salutes are indicated, and that guests at his table shall be seated according to the strictest rules of precedence. A diplomatic secretary from the Department of State was imported to see that everything that happened in Mr. Coolidge's neighborhood was according to *protocole*. The former Mayor of Northampton, having become President of the United States, went Hapsburg.

ALL this is due, not to any delusions of grandeur on Mr. Coolidge's part, but to the fact that he has believed, in his methodical and logical way, in the dignity of the office. He himself has gone through all the formal motions imposed upon him with a pained expression of discomfiture. I stood above him aboard U. S. S. *Texas* when he sailed into Havana Harbor, and Mr. Coolidge was not happy. The muzzles flashed and bands played, but Mr. Coolidge stood rigid and ill at ease, with his high hat on his chest—a solitary figure veiled

in blue smoke, doing his duty. He is too conscientious to enjoy being President, too aware of the pressure of small things. The intoxication of experiment, the unction of triumph and the sting of defeat have not been for him. He has kept his views to himself, and now and then sprung a veto, but for the most part he has sat solitary in that strange area that he calls the "province of the Executive." Mr. Coolidge has no intimate friends, plays no games, hears no music, seldom goes to a theatre, indulges in no regular relaxation. Now and then some Vermont or Massachusetts neighbors visit him, but otherwise his guests are politicians

or editors of party organs. Sometimes, of an afternoon, the President will walk down F Street and gaze into the shop windows. Sometimes he will make a joke with newspaper correspondents. Sometimes he will pose on the back lawn with a convention. Sometimes he will drop down the Potomac, usually after going to church on Sunday morning, aboard U. S. S. *Mayflower* for a solemn week-end.

IF Mr. Coolidge has derived any vital enjoyment from being President of the United States, he has kept his pleasure carefully concealed. He is a person of intense reserve, conscious of himself, afraid of manifesting an impulse. The grand manner is not his. There is a great deal more to him than reveals itself even to somewhat intimate observation. With the passage of years and the elucidation of some things now hidden, Mr. Coolidge will offer a marvelous subject for biographers. But his qualities are primarily negative, and caution in time ceases to be much fun. So I think he means to go, and that he will be glad to leave the Marine Band, his satin flag and the sound of twenty-one guns behind him.

Henry Suydam.



NOT A CALF IN A CARLOAD



HE: This lamb seems a little tough.

SHE: Oh, let's not talk chop.



PRIVATE: Hey! Wot's de idea? Dere's a mouse in dis stew!
ARMY COOK: Sh! Not so loud! They all might want one!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 30th Discoursing this morning with my husband, poor wretch, as to whether or not we might be happier in reduced circumstances, with him driving a taxi and me tending a *pot-au-feu*, for then he would not worry about his cigars' keeping properly or the rise and fall of Industrial Alabaster, nor I over my dressmakers' bill or the way the silver looks, and we decided that we should do better to keep on as we are, albeit there are moments when the evident futility of this and that does threaten me with a state of mind which could be completely contented with cutting out paper dolls. So up and did on my new Louiseboulanger coat made along Inverness lines with an undercape, very ingenious and *dégagé*, and to lunch with E. Seabury, who did tell me of the schoolteacher who went wrathfully to the parent of the boy who, in response to her direct query, "Who wrote Hamlet?" had assured her that he didn't, and how the father had quoth, "Vell, all I got to say iss dot Ikey iss a truthful boy, and if he says he didn't, he *didn't*!" Then to look at printed chiffons, and chose a black one with a white flower, very smart, so home to flip a coin whether I should have it made up for night or day wear, and it turned up

for the latter, which means that I shall probably have an evening gown out of it. Dinner very betimes, going afterwards to "Siegfried," which does contain the only line in opera at which mirth is apparently permissible, namely, the hero's "*Er ist kein Mann!*" as he undoes Brunhilde's size forty-six armor, for I do well recall being angrily shushed by my neighbors for laughing at a comedy scene in "Die Meistersinger." So home, and read in a book called "The Dreadful Night," a tale of such terror that I did fear to rise from bed and get the handkerchief with which I did fail to provide myself upon retiring.

March 31st This day fine enough to make even members of the Morgan firm long to be vagabonds, so Sam, shelving all duties, off to hire a motor car to drive me out into the (Continued on page 36)

A Few Reasons Why I Shall Leave College

BECAUSE I cannot accustom myself to the mixture of near-beer and alcohol.

Because all blind dates are built on the general lines of a rain barrel.

Because my Rhet instructor assigns themes on such subjects as: What Are Your Plans for the Coming Vacation? and, What Do You Expect to Derive from a College Education?

Because the Moo Cow Moos failed to pledge me and the Beta Awful Alphas did.

Because one isn't allowed enough eight-o'clock cuts.

Because I can't arouse a gladly-die-for-dear-old-Rutgers spirit.

Because I consider military training rather silly.

Because the father does not send enough checks.

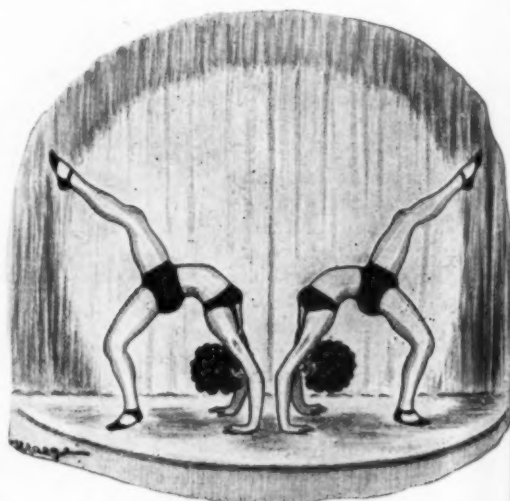
Because I can't get used to suspenders.

Because I can have a better time in Chicago.

Because I flunked out.

Rohault.

A DESIRABLE correspondence course would be how to forget the saxophone in ten easy lessons.



"I think I must be the dreamer type."
"Same here, dearie. My head's in the clouds the whole time."



THE STOCK EXCHANGE MEMBER BUYS A LOAF OF BREAD

No Double for Clara

JENKINS: Did you see Clara Bow in the movies?
THOMPSON: Yes, sir; there she was in the flesh.

The Big Business Idea in the Third Grade

"MISS LOWERY. Take a letter to the Third Grade, please....
 'Dear Madam, Yours of the 14th inst. received. I am very sorry that I am unable to furnish you with a composition on: What the Little Bird Did Then. In re form 17XT you will note that I have filled in the blanks in the poem: Little Snowflakes, as per your written instructions. If you threaten me again with having to stay after school I shall be forced to place the matter in the hands of my attorney. Yours, etc.'

forwarded to the Arithmetic Department, return receipt requested. I don't want her to complain that she's not getting our invoices.

"Hello—Drafting Department?... Mr. Langford speaking.... Say, get me up a blueprint of South America at once. Put in all the rivers, capitals and mountains and send me a memo.... Thanks.... Now, Miss Lowery, we can go over to-morrow's nature study—what's pending?... Well, then, on your way back from lunch you might stop in at the yards and get me some data on how the robin builds her nest. Just take it down in shorthand and we can compile a full report later."

Jack Cluett.

Revolutionary Banter

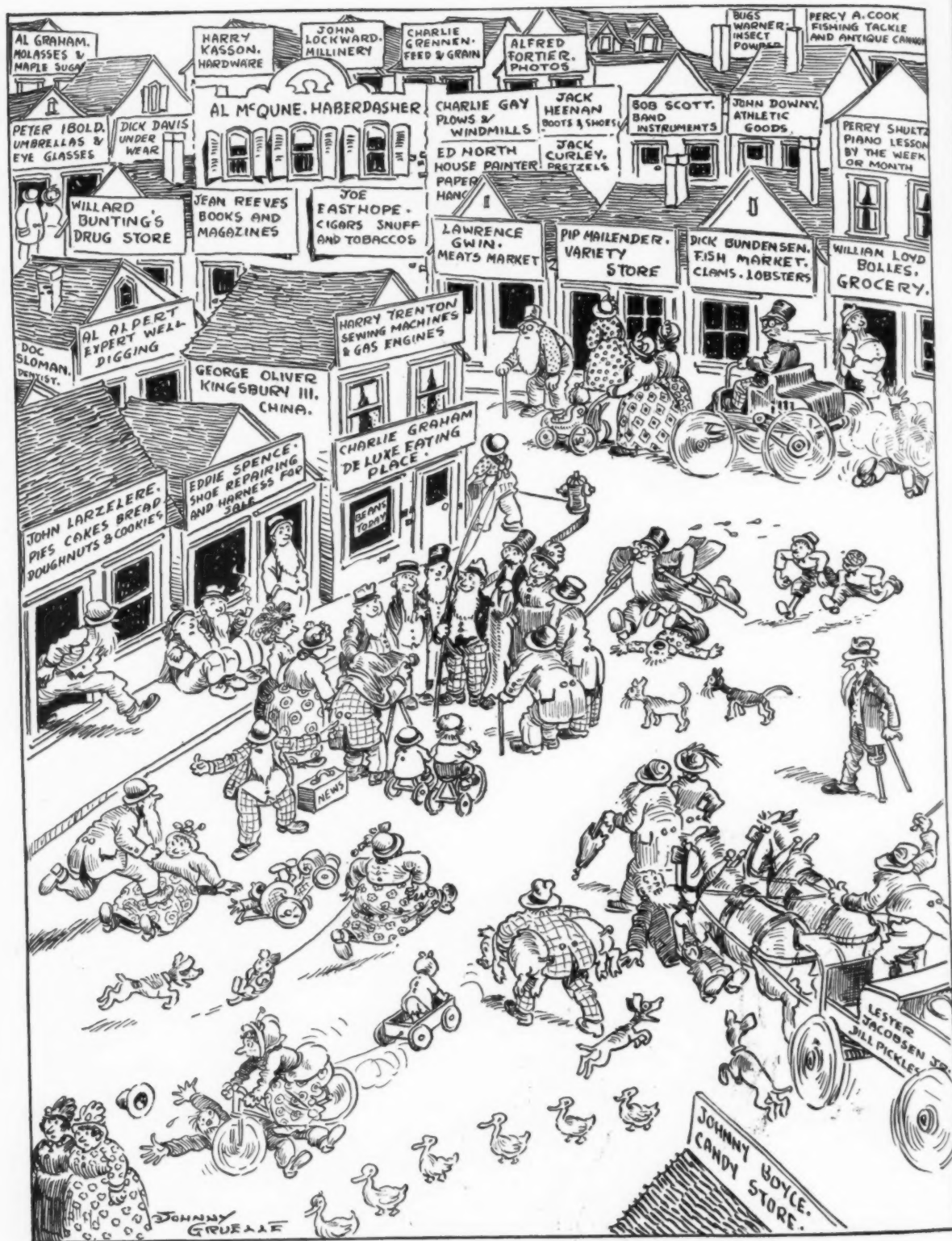
GENERAL GOMEZ OF THE NICARAGUA REBELS: Don't fire, boys, till you see the whites of their eyes.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: Hm-m. Plotting against the whites again—eh, General?

"BEAT Al Smith, for Heaven's sake!" is a campaign slogan in the South. Probably a misprint for "for Heflin's sake!"



FISHERMAN: Well, Olney, what kind of weather do you feel in your bones that we're going to have to-day?
VILLAGE ORACLE: Well, sir, I don't rightly know just how I feel. The morning paper hasn't come in yet.



Yahoo Center

Charlie Gentzhorn Catches a Forty-Pound Carp

Along the Main Stem

WILLARD, OLD PAL, OLD PAL:
Hotsy-totsy, hoop-dee-doo!
Am I feeling swell? Well, you can go ahead and quote me. I finally met the sweetest potato this side of the Mississippi and I'm still incoherent—dizzy—or if you understand Jewish—I'm gahgah. Willard, she just bowled me right over just as soon as she hurled her orbs on me and I went just like that! You'll pardon me, won't you, old pal, if I seem hysterical, but them is those. When I first got a load of that Delightful Thing in Silk and Chiffon my heart thumped and I gazed into her lamps and said: "Baby, do your eyes bother you?" And she cooed: "No—why?" So I had to let myself go and gag: "Well—they bother me."

It's little things like that, Willard, that make big chumps like me, but I no can help. I suppose the mob will kid me to death about Her, but oooh, Willard—she's torrid! I call her my little voom-voom. 'Smarvelous—'Swonderful, dah, de dah, dee, dee! The only thing that worries me, Willard, is what the wife will say.

I HAVE been making the rounds of the Squares—Longacre and Times (in case you've forgotten your New York so soon), and I also did the Sepia Belt—you know, Harlem, where all the little blackbirds flip their hips and toss their torsos. Harlem isn't as hot as it was this time last year, but it still puts zip in you. Take the new revue up at the Cotton Club. They've a brown-skin, titled Cora Redd, who jigs like nobody and she's a ringer for Clara Bow—same haircut and stems. Lillian Powell of the same troupe grinds her thighs to contagious music and Duke Ellington's band is sizzling. The covert is low and you don't have to don your consommé and herring.

THE band over at the Ambassadeurs' on 57th Street, where Otto Kahn's little boy, Roger, dropped all that dough, is enticing the gay set and Dan Healy is doing swell at the 54th Street museum. Barney's in Greenwich Village still is the ace of the sin-dens down there. Walter O'Keefe of South Bend warbles there to his own guitar accompani-



SHE: I'm so afraid I'll forget my lines.
PRODUCER: Never mind, little girl, the audience won't.

ment, but he leaves you limp when he offers his own version of "Franky and Johnny"—which is the sauciest lyric heard in this town since Lester Allen rocked them at the première of "The Three Musketeers" with a wow called "Gossips."

Over at Texas Guinan's the other dawn a blazing kid who simply hates wearing clothes came out to do her specialty and Texas announced her like this: "Now give this lit-tul gir-lul a great big hand—she won a

beauty prize once and got a blue ribbon." And a drunk yelled: "Yeah—well, why don't she wear it?" I fell right off my chair. I guess that mug weighed her in the balance and found her wanton. Very well, Willard, I'm sorry. By the time you get this, New York will be whistling, singing or dancing to a new ditty labeled "Collegiana," which was patterned after the "Varsity Drag," and it was written by Dorothy Fields, who is Lew Fields' dotter. Another swell dance chune is "Oh, Baby," from "Rain or Shine," the show that stars Joe Cook.



THE OPTIMIST: FORE!

WELL, I'm getting a letch for Reuben's between sandwiches, and I can't think of much else to tell you, Willard, except that up at Harvard they do not call sex-appeal "It" or "S. A." any more. It's "B. U.," meaning biological urge. And we were making up sentences with words the other night and Dorothy Parker fashioned a sentence around "Burlesque" which went: "Waiter, I think I'll have two soft burlesque for breakfast." George S. Kaufman's had to have "punctilious" in it. Here it is: "Mary and Tilly are sisters. Mary is a nice girl—but oh, how punctilious!"

I thought I'd die! However, not for just a week, not for just a month, not for just a year—but all ways.

Walter Winchell.



APRIL 19, 1928

VOL. 91. 2372

"While there is Life there's Hope"

THE World considers that Senator Walsh of Montana is the most formidable rival of Governor Smith for the Democratic nomination and that the Governor's opponents have shown sense in concentrating on Mr. Walsh.

Perhaps so. Senator Walsh is more than a respectable man. He is a high grade public servant. His character is good; so are his mind, his zeal and his information. We all know he is a Catholic and he is plenty of other things, but not really a candidate for President. There is no visible reason for selecting Mr. Walsh as a Democratic candidate except that he would be a handy man to beat out Alfred Smith with. That is not enough. Mr. Walsh is for the Eighteenth Amendment; Alfred Smith is against it. Alfred Smith is a candidate in spite of being a Catholic, but Thomas Walsh would be a candidate largely because he is a Catholic. He is a good man, true and sound, but as a candidate for President he is bogus. If nominated he would not run across the street. As a candidate he is an artificial spectre projected on the political screen considerably by the efforts of Comrade Callahan of Louisville.

It is funny how strong the propensity is in political mix-ups to project spectres on the screen. Take even Mr. Davis, a first-class man with great abilities, great talents, admirable character, but as a candidate, a spectre. His predecessor, Mr. Cox of Ohio, was another spectral candidate, though an able man enough and quite rich. Jim Reed, though very objectionable as a candidate, would present a much livelier appearance of reality than Senator Walsh of Montana. But who doubts that Mr. Hoover or some one else will

beat anybody the Democrats put up! Their only chance is to fight the Amendment. If they do that they may make a campaign of it and if they are licked it may be a glorious and constructive defeat. But they could not do that with Thomas Walsh as a candidate.

A STATESMAN of Ohio has a son at Harvard and a son at Yale. The Yale son was arrested in this neighborhood for driving a motor car which hit a workman in the street, and then attempting to run away. There was a suggestion of alcoholic stimulation about his proceedings. The Harvard son, hearing of his brother's predicament, came on from Cambridge to rescue him and fell afoul of the regulations on the New Haven road by attempting to sit in a smoking car that required a special ticket which he did not have. He was turbulent, it seems, in his attitude to the trainmen, and he, too, was arrested.

What is the matter with these boys? Their misconduct cannot be charged to the colleges with which they are connected. Is there something in the atmosphere of Ohio that has gone to their heads or is it that the job of raising boys somehow does not mix well with parental activity in Ohio politics?



THE papers also tell of a good boy, possibly from Ohio, who has certainly come to light through Ohio association. His name is Richard Riedel. He was the favorite Senate page of the late Senator Willis. Papers publish his telegram of condolence to Mrs. Willis in which he says among other things, "How small a place the Presidency of the United States would have been com-

pared to the exalted position he now occupies."

It is filial of Richard in a way to think that Senator Willis has been immediately projected into a first-class job in the *au dela*, but one would like to know on what he bases such an opinion. Are the Ohio politicians preferred for advancement not only in this world but in the world to come?



DISSATISFACTION is disclosed over various matters in our little world. Mussolini's objections to the Roman Catholic educational methods in Italy are distasteful to the Holy Father. Bombing incidents in Chicago suggest that government in that ambitious city is so far from being equal to its job that something quite drastic needs to be done about it. In New York a decision by the Health Commissioner that sleeping arrangements by various rough-and-ready charities for the unemployed were unsanitary resulted in turning out a large number of distressed persons into the streets on a cold March night, which was felt to be serious exhibition of over-zeal.

Mr. Brevard Nixon, Democratic leader in North Carolina, has applied to have his name removed from the rolls of the First Methodist Church in Charlotte on the ground that the Methodist Church has degenerated from the evangelical tradition into a fighting political organization.

The earthquake in Smyrna accompanied by an electrical display and violent disturbance in Mediterranean waters seems to help out Wilhelm Boelsche, a German scientist and philosopher, who predicts tremendous geological disturbances accompanied by the rising of new continents in the Pacific, to result finally in considerable improvement in the climate of our planet.

Very well. Our planet needs improvement. A spell of shakes may do it good. Meanwhile the stock market continues active. The efforts to penetrate the mystery of the Queens County sewers still continue, as also the efforts in Washington to locate and measure the oil scandals. So things keep going on, but March is over and the usual modifications of climate due at this time are proceeding.

E. S. Martin.



The Mote and the Beam



Hot Dog Days A



Days Are Coming

Is There No Justice?

LITTLE WILLIE, aged two, paced back and forth in his room, his silk topper crammed sideways on his head. His jaw was set; his face wore a frown, and he glared silently every now and then at the pigeons and rabbits painted on the wall above his bed. His mother, hearing noises, opened the door and he wheeled fiercely on her:

"What about States' Rights?" he demanded in a voice trembling with emotion. "Can *you* make an issue of religion and Prohibition while the

very needs of our national life go unheeded? Have you given companionate marriage more than a passing thought? *What* specific instance, if any, can you cite where the flexible tariff has enhanced the business of the country? What of the Klan? Have you the assurance that there are no oil spots on *your* shirt front? M-Y-Y H-E-A-V-E-N-S! Is there no one to step forward and show us the way to the future happiness and well-being of the nation? *What* are *your* children doing after

they leave the influence of the home? Is divorce a national problem?"

His mother fled. That night in the living-room, after Little Willie had gone to bed, she spoke to her husband. "William," she said, "please never again leave the books of your Personality course where that child can find them."

John Elmore.

RUB: Do you agree with Doe politically?

DUB: No, we're both Democrats.



"What the heck do ya want a couple o' kids fer—ain't bein' the wife of a rum runner excitin' enough?"



Covering the Budapest Season

Budapest, March 21st, 1928.

A GLANCE through the theatrical columns of Budapest's leading daily (or even a glance through Budapest's leading daily itself) does not yield much information to a New Englander. We felt pretty strongly that it was high time that we went to some sort of serious drama, but, with our Magyar what it is, there was some doubt as to what on the list was serious drama and what was froth. And then, too, there was always the situation to face that when we finally got to the theatre we wouldn't understand what was being said.

"Carmen" was being sung at the Opera, and "No, No, Nanette" at the Király-Színház, but our readers are already more or less familiar with these two classics. For the rest, we found the news that at the Vigszínház one could see "Uri Muri," at the Belvárosi "Nászéjszaka" (some of the characters in this were named *Stevenson*, *Harris*, and *Robert Perceval*, which gave us a good half-hour trying to figure out what the play had been in the original. Can any of our little readers?), and at the Nemzeti something called "Szipheria," which might have been "Siberia" except that it was described as being a "*magyar hadifoglyok története 3 felvonásban*," which didn't sound right for Siberia somehow. Then there were "Aramany es Szerflem," which was a "*seomorujáték*," and, at the Uj, our old friend "Dybbuk," of which An-ski was the *irta*.

We did spot, however, something which we were pretty sure we ought to see, Hungarian or no Hungarian, and that was "Olympia," a new play by Molnár, which Gilbert Miller has probably bought by now if he hadn't already. We had three days in Budapest. We would go to "The Dybbuk" the first night, relax a little on the second and see a variety show at the Orfeum, and, on the night before our departure, really do the right thing by our readers, and be the first American reviewer to report on the Molnár play.



OUR schedule was a little upset on the first night by the fact that we didn't go to "The Dybbuk." In Budapest you can't get your dinner much before nine, and that makes it pretty rushed to get to the theatre by eight. Most people eat after the theatre, but we happened to be hungry *before* the theatre, and in those circumstances, there seemed to be only one thing to do. So we ate dinner and missed "The Dybbuk." After all, we *had* seen it well done in New York and there was no sense in seeing it again.

We didn't go to the Orfeum the next night either. We were all ready to go and then we saw that there was somebody on the bill named Ellyn Glenn. Now it may *not* have been Elinor Glyn, but it was too much of a chance to take. We didn't fly all the way to Budapest to hear Dame Glyn and we didn't intend to hear her. So the Orfeum was out.



WE did go to the theatre, however, and saw, at random, an *operett* called "Bob Herceg," which, shall we say, was only fair. "Bob Herceg" was not, as we at first thought, a man's name. At least the only *Herceg* on the program was a *György Herceg*, and not even Hungarians would call *György* "Bob" for short. There was some idea that *György* was in love with *Annie*, *leanya* (that's the way it was on the program; don't blame us) and the different ways he took of showing his love would fill a book—unfortunately a Hungarian book, however. Some confusion arose from the fact that *Victoria hercengo* was *György's* mother and, at the same time, his father. We probably got that wrong, though. It really couldn't have been as complicated as that.

The whole thing went more or less to pieces so far as we were concerned when the *Gipsy fúszeres* promised on the program turned out to be not a gypsy orchestra at all, but a person. And *such* a person! We had been looking forward to the gypsy music for so long that this just broke us down and we went right back to the hotel, where there was enough gypsy music to upset the strength of character of an entire Epworth League!



ON the last evening we got quite a good deal dressed up, took along plenty of note paper, brushed up on the five Hungarian words we had learned in the three days (one of them the word for "mister," which really shouldn't count) and went down to the desk to buy seats. Here we found out that the Molnár play is given only Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. This, by an odd quirk of Fate, happened to be a Wednesday.

So we had another early dinner and went to bed. We probably shall enjoy "Olympia" all the more when it comes to New York for not having seen it in Budapest, and certainly shall be much less offensive about it than we would have been had we been able to compare the two productions.

Robert Benchley.

(The Confidential Guide will be found on page 32)

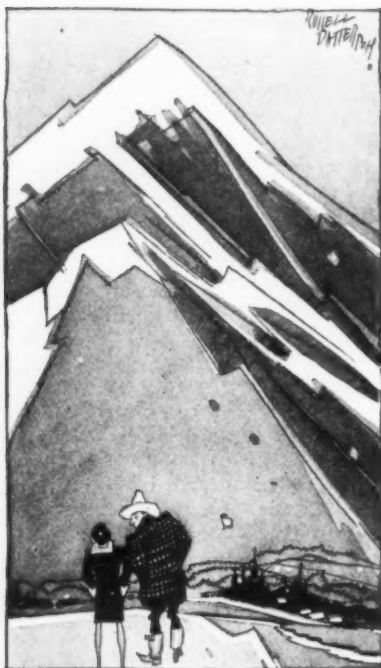


ENTHUSIASTIC CAMERAMAN: Oh, man! Just wait till I get back and show 'em this one!

The Blissfully Ignorant

YSOBEL: One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

NANETTE: No. Men are so dumb.



TOURIST (in Canadian Rockies): Is that real snow up there?

DISGUSTED GUIDE: No, ma'am; that's cracked ice for the convenience of U. S. tourists.

The Difference That Makes a Difference a Difference

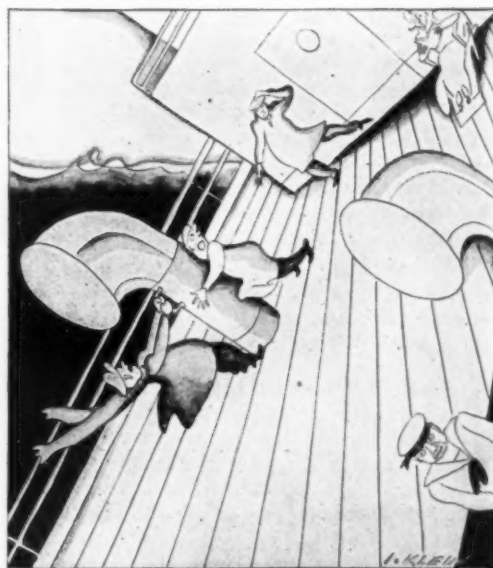
I CANNOT, and by this I mean this, make head or tail, or head, out of Gertrude Stein's compositions. Even though I have attempted and made attempts to simply study and make tail or head in studying, and by studying I mean that I have read and everybody knows that I have read and made attempts to make head and tail, or simply head or tail, out of Gertrude Stein, but by these things to find out what she means and to make head or tail, or head, I have attempted to study and read, because I know, and have known, as everybody knows, that one should study and read and make attempts to make tail or head and what she is driving at, and what she means and what every one knows she means when she makes head or tail, or head. Can they and do they? By this I mean can you, or do you, or have you ever or do you think, or study, or make attempts to find out what Gertrude Stein makes head or tail, or tail, or head, and if she makes attempts to read or study, or find out what Gertrude Stein is driving at? It shows, it is, it looks,

it likes it as it is, and this is why I have made no head or tail, or tail or head, out of Gertrude Stein's compositions and by this I mean this.

Paul S. Powers.

GLADYS: Shall I tell you what to do with an unsatisfactory husband?

PHYLLIS: Yes, shoot.



"Wow! Now I know where those crazy modern artists get their ideas for their colored pictures."

Why Worry?

LEAN men and clean men,
Wild men and mild men,
Wee men and He-men,
Dumb men and bum men,
Sailor men and tailor men,
Steam fitters and pinch hitters,
Golf players and man slayers,
Robbers and jobbers
Get married.

Trig girls and big girls,
Tall girls and small girls,
Rash girls and cash girls,
Neat girls and sweet girls,
Sad girls and bad girls,
Hash slingers and opera singers,
Circus riders and home abiders,
Cooks and crooks
Marry them.

E. E. B.

"WAS the burning theatre soon
emptied?"
"Quick as a flask."

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm all-of-a-DITHER,
no less, because I mean I HON-
estly had the WEIRDest time in
BerMUDA, my dear! ACTually, it was
SIMPLY MUCous because I mean I
met this TERRibly cute CAPtain or
something in the Scotch REGiment

and he fell MADly in LOVE with
me, my dear, and took me to the
aQUArIum where we GAZED at all
these GUPpy-looking FISH for
HOURS, my dear! Have you ever
HEARD of anything more ro-
MANTic? HONestly, my dear, I
was all-of-a-BLOT-and-'SCUTCH-
eon because they have these tre-
MENDous OCTopi in this aQUA-
rium place, my dear, and they're
SIMPLY FAScinating because I mean
they're all sort of BLOBulous and
GLOBulous and go VAGUEly per-
AMBulating HITHER and YON in
this treMENDous TANK effect pur-
SUing each other with CLAMmily
AM'rous inTENTions or something
and, my dear, I NEARly had hys-
TERics because this TERRibly
sweet YOUTH I met on the
SHIP coming HOME, my dear,
threatened to leap Overboard and
commit SUicide because I wouldn't
MARRY him, my dear, and I was
ACTually all hot and BOTHERed be-
cause I mean I SIMPLY aDORED
him and all but I SIMPLY can't
HELP it, my dear—I VOW I
simply NEVER could marry a man
with an ADam's apple that sort of
FLOWS FLUently up and down
their NECK ev'ry time they SWAL-
low because I mean I'm FRIGHT-
fully CRITICAL of people, my dear—
I mean I ACTually AM!"

Lloyd Mayer.

He Knew

TEACHER (to class): Who can
tell me what human nature is?
BRIGHT BILL: I can. It's people
before they rise in society.

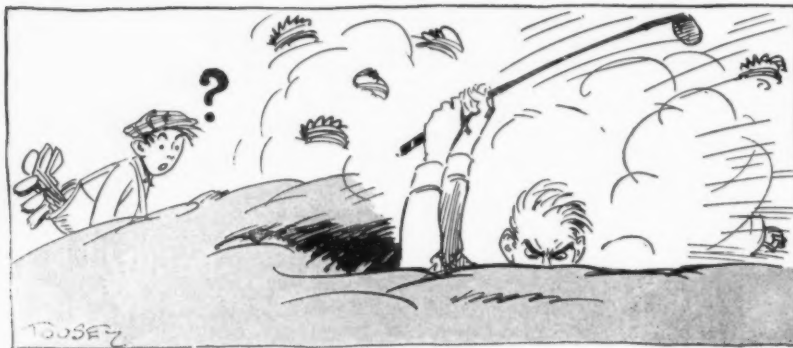
PEOPLE WONDER WHY
CLEVER MR. EVER IS
SO OFTEN TO BE SEEN
CARRYING A BALL & CHAIN



ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS HIM
AS FAR AS A MAILBOX
WILL DISCOVER IT IS HIS
INGENIOUS DEVICE TO PRE-
VENT HIM FROM FORGETTING
TO MAIL HIS WIFE'S LETTERS
—A BALL, CHAIN & CLIP



HOW CLEVER MR. EVER KEPT HIS POCKETS FROM BECOMING A DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.



ONE IN A HOLE

Permanent Wavelengths

EVEN before the Dodge Brothers went on the air with their movie-stars program, Will Hays, in a rare fit of prescience, announced that thenceforth his children must be seen but not heard. Well, Will, if you'll stick to your story and make them mind you, I for one will be willing to forget all about that little affair of the oil bonds.

The broadcast may have been (and probably was) a big success for the Dodge Brothers. But it was a disaster for the movies. From millions of homes that night fervent prayers arose, begging that the silent drama might remain so.

A performance like this, with Douglas Fairbanks coining platitudes and D. W. Griffith trembling on the verge of tears as he talked about Love—a performance like this, I say, only goes to prove that the best radio entertainments don't always come from the big stations.

IF you want to listen in on the heartbeats of a nation, tune in on Station WLS of Chicago any Saturday night. Compare it with any of the all-star programs and then try to look me in the eye and tell me that the widely advertised hours are the best ones.

WLS is in that state of musical progress where a violin is still a fiddle and a 'cello is a doghouse. But its staff can perform miracles on the jew's-harp, the harmonica and the accordion. It has a swell repertoire of hill-billy songs and back country dances.

And WLS is vitally interested in you and you and you. Are you giving a party and do your guests yearn

to hear "Sweet Adeline"? A hint to WLS and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson (I'm not kidding, that's his name) will play it for you on an organ that can do everything but talk, thank God. Are you in a deadlock about a name for the baby? WLS and its customers will find one for you, and have a lot of fun doing it, too.

Who, do you suppose, is the Otto Kahn that sponsors this clearing-house of American Art? Guess! None other than Messrs. Sears-Roebuck.

YOU'LL find pretty much the same sort of parties going on down in Nashville at WSM, which just bubbles over with old-fashioned Southern hospitality. And WSAI in Cincinnati has inaugurated a Mythical Night Club of the Air, where you may give the little girl a hand in ten words. Any one with the cover charge of a telegram may join. At the opening exercises of this center of refined jollity, a gentleman from the Western Union made a nice little speech of welcome to the prospective members. Welcome my eye! Considering what a stunt like this means to Western Union, Mr. Newcomb Carlton himself should have gone before the microphone and sung "My Blue Heaven."

Agnes Smith.

SCENARIO writer's version: "Where there's life there's hoke."

Rhapsody

I LIKE the moving stairway. There is something portentous and thrilling About having a stairway move with you: As if it were a well-behaved landslide, Or as if you were a modern Elijah Being neatly introduced into heaven. It makes me feel influential; For a person who can make a stairway move Is really quite remarkable. Now when you call it an escalator All the glamour is gone. An escalator is no better than a washing-machine Or a vacuum cleaner. But a moving stairway is a magic carpet Upon which you can ride free of charge.

Betty Stockton.

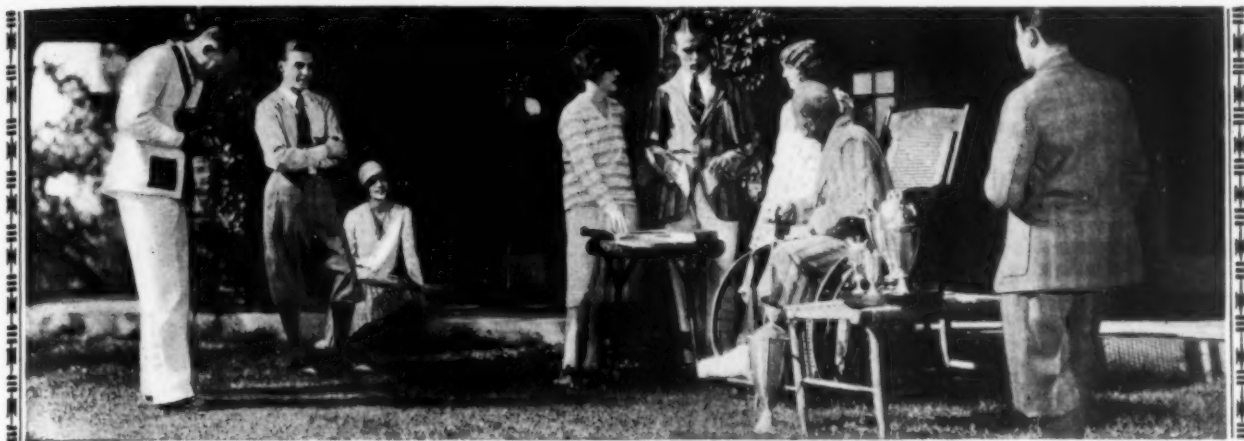
Nubbville Spark

THREE important local divorce cases come up next week. Tug Hardy uses a toothpick with the wrong hand; Diogenes Dumbleton opens letters at the end o' the envelope instead o' the top; an' Neptune Tyler told her lapdog to shut up its yappin', in that many words!

THE modern wife tries to love, honor, and display.



ONE ANTARCTIC ESKIMO: What's the difference between the South Pole and the North Pole?
ANOTHER: I'd think there'd be a whole world of difference.



MOVIE STARS . . . WANTED!

COME out "on location" and learn the thrill of the newest of all dramatic arts . . . amateur movie-making!

No previous experience is necessary. No years of apprenticeship are needed. Tomorrow you can be on location. Making your own action-shots—close-ups—love scenes. With all the joyous thrills that go with movie-making.

Now Movie-Making is the Vogue

Nowadays, it seems as though everyone were interested in amateur movie-making. And is it any wonder when you consider the facts?

For here is a new art . . . a new opportunity for self-expression . . . a new source of home entertainment.

The hard work is done. The months and years of research have passed. Now, thanks to the efforts of Eastman Scientists, Home Movies are as easy to make as the ordinary snapshot. Anyone can take them with professional results.

Everything is simplicity itself. No grinding crank. No need to focus. No tripod. You just sight the camera either from waist height or eye level. It's just as easy as making an ordinary snapshot.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls in-

How would you like to be a Movie Star? Or a Movie Director? Or a Scenario Writer? Or all three in one? Read this amazing story of how Amateur Movies are produced

side, and the film slides swiftly behind the always-ready lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

Then comes the greatest thrill of all. When the films are taken, your work is done. We develop them for you at no extra cost, and return them ready to run on your own silver screen.

You see them in your own living room

Now with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope Projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . all are captured on the film and flash into a swift pattern of light and shadow in the quiet of your darkened room.

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100- and 200-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, are available at your dealer's, \$7.50 per 100 feet, the reel becoming a permanent part of your film library.

The World War movies are still available in a complete 2000-foot picture taking 1¼ hours to show (\$150), and in five selected 200-foot reels, \$15 each.

In addition, full length films, which constitute a complete entertainment and include the biggest screen successes of famous stars, may be secured for a modest rental from the nearest Kodascope Library.

Today a real movie camera, that takes pictures of sparkling clearness, sells for only \$70. This includes everything necessary for movie-making.

And the Kodascope Projector—a wonderful device for throwing the pictures you have made upon a screen—may now be purchased for as little as \$60. The silver screen itself costs \$10.

Go see the Ciné-Kodak at your nearest Kodak dealer's. Remember Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making simple for you. Get the facts about Home Movies.

SEND FOR A BOOKLET ABOUT HOME MOVIES

Perhaps you are interested in making your own movies, but a little in doubt as to how to begin. If so, the first step is to send for information regarding the Ciné-Kodak, the simplest and most efficient of all home movie cameras. A postcard or a letter addressed to us will bring our booklet to you free of charge. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak

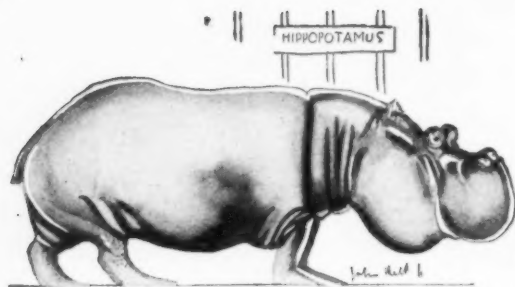
Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras



CRISP and clear you see the pictures you've made flash in a swift pattern of light and shadow upon your silver screen. It's the Miracle of Movies!



HERE'S a new thrill—a new opportunity for self-expression—a new source of home entertainment. It's so easy, thousands are making movies now.



'LOOKIT
IT'S
LON
CHANEY!



the SILENT DRAMA

"Red Hair"

THE possession of power provides a thrill of self-satisfaction that no ordinary human being can resist—and even a critic is human, in spite of all reports to the contrary.

In my own case, for instance, I can't help being just the least bit conceited when I realize that my writings exert a profound influence on the tastes of the movie fans and on the conduct of the movie producers. Once I received a letter from a prominent exhibitor, who told me that he always read my reviews and was guided thereby in the selection of pictures for his theatre. "I find out your opinion on each production," he said, "and then I bet the other way."

The producers in Hollywood are equally attentive to my advice. Recently I have told them that the public is tired of seeing William Haines in smart-aleck rôles and equally tired of watching Clara Bow undress.

With the result that Mr. Haines has just appeared in "The Smart Set" as more of a smart-aleck than ever; and in Miss Bow's latest offering, "Red Hair," the whole story builds up to a scene wherein the dainty star takes off as many clothes

as the censors and ordinary discretion will permit.

When you consider these demonstrations of the power that I exert, can you blame me for having a swelled head?

"The Big City"

EVERY now and then Lon Chaney tears himself away from his make-up box and appears in the guise God gave him—and usually, when he does so, the results are surprisingly satisfactory. "The Unholy Three" and "Tell It to the Marines" are cases in point.

"The Big City," however, is not. Although Mr. Chaney is revealed without a hump in his back, or twisted teeth, or unpleasant facial blemishes of any kind, and although Mr. Chaney himself contributes a thoroughly effective performance, "The Big City" is not a good picture.

It is one of those melodramas of the cabaret belt that have been popular, or at least prevalent, since "Broadway" opened in New York, Berlin, San Francisco and points east and west. There are two rival gangs, detectives who never take their hats off, a pallid impersonation of Texas Guinan, etc. and etc.

Betty Compson, Marceline Day and James Murray are among the talented performers who, with Lon Chaney, waste their time in "The Big City."

R. E. Sherwood.

"The Legion of the Condemned"

FROM almost every foreign region,

Before the gray-green tide was stemmed,

To join the foreign flying legion
(Which meant, in short, to be condemned

To die with leathern helm and boots on

And fly without their parachutes on)

Came men from every life and station,

Some criminal, some merely bored,

Some surfeited with dissipation

And one, by Cupid, nearly floored.

(This last one, caught in Cupid's stupor,

Is neatly played by Gary Cooper.)

The girl for whom G. Cooper strongly

Had felt love's fever, was a spy.
It seemed he had accused her wrongly.

It also seemed they had to die
To carry out an undertaking
That meant but this. (Their hearts were breaking!)

They took their chances with the Germans

And very nearly had to pay.
The Legion saved her life and her man's

(The "her," I'll add, is Miss Fay Wray).

And so this thrilling, sad and scrappy

Diversion ended rather happy.

Carroll Carroll.

Recent Developments

The Trail of '98. Starting off as an epic of the Klondike Gold Rush, this degenerates into a small-time melodrama. Clarence Brown's direction is sound and, in spots, brilliant.

Tenderloin. Dolores Costello as a virtuous cabaret girl surrounded by crooks. Some of the scenes are spoken out loud, via the Vitaphone.

The Showdown. Unbridled passions in the tropics, with George Bancroft doing what he can.

The Smart Set. Referred to above.

The Gaucho. Douglas Fairbanks makes an unsuccessful attempt to mix religious fervor with romance.

Simba. Intimate views into the private lives of numerous African wild animals,

with Mrs. Martin Johnson in the foreground.

Dressed to Kill. Unusually vigorous underworld stuff, in which Edmund Lowe delivers his best performance.

The Secret Hour. Pola Negri works well as a waitress who goes through a romance by mail and then finds that she has married the wrong man.

The Crowd. An uneventful tragedy of average life in an average American city, reproduced by King Vidor with considerable attention to detail.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Proving that there is still genuine doubt as to *Elisa's* ability to get safely across the ice.

The Last Command, The Circus, Wings and Sunrise are all recommended.

504 holes 87.3 miles of golf...played with a single KRO-FLITE ball

and...

IT IS EASY to make a golf ball so durable that it can be guaranteed for 72 holes of play. But it took us *six years* to perfect the Kro-Flite—a ball which not only cannot be cut, but which cannot be outdriven by any other make of ball. Such amazing durability combined with maximum distance is a feature that belongs to the Kro-Flite alone. No other golf ball has it!

Last year many records were made with Kro-Flites, both for exceptional durability and for exceptional distance.

Heading the list are the experiences of Mr. Fred M. Wheelock, of Portland, Maine, and of a player on the Municipal Course at Youngstown, Ohio. The two letters from Mr. Wheelock, quoted below, speak for themselves.

July 9, 1927.

"It may interest you to know that on the 17th of June of this year, I purchased at the caddie house of the Old Orchard Golf and Country Club, of which I am a member, one of your Kro-Flite balls. I have played with this same ball, 414 holes of golf, equal to 126,316 yards, or 71.7 miles. The ball does not show a single cut."

Very truly yours, FRED M. WHELOCK.

August 1, 1927

"With further reference to the Kro-Flite ball, about which you wrote, will say that I am enclosing playingschedule for 90 additional holes played with this ball, bringing the total to 504 holes, or 87.3 miles."

Very truly yours, FRED M. WHELOCK.

The longest drive of 1927
425 yards... was made
with another KRO-FLITE

Unfortunately, the ball was lost after reaching this amazing total of 504 holes, or it might have gone many holes further, for it was still in excellent condition.

The following quotation from an article in the Youngstown Telegram, July 14, 1927, tells the story of what we believe to be the longest drive made last year. Under the heading "Mun. Golfer Registers Longest Smack of Season," the article goes on to say:

"... he got hold of one on the No. 2 tee and spanked it... When the distance was measured it was found that the drive was good for the almost un-

believable distance of 425 yards."

There's distance in every Kro-Flite

This record drive of 425 yards was made with a Kro-Flite ball and with a Kro-Flite steel-shafted driver.

Comparative tests made with the driving machines at Chicopee, Mass., Pinchurst, N. C., and Putney, England, have proved the astonishing distance in the Kro-Flite ball. These machines hit every ball with exactly the same power. The result is always the same. The Kro-Flites give as great as or greater distance than any other make of ball—foreign or domestic.

No other golf ball is so tough

The guillotine test is the most murderous one that can be given a golf ball. A heavily weighted knife drops on the ball at terrific speed. There has never been a ball tested—except the Kro-Flite—which this knife has not cut *completely through the cover*. The worst it has ever done to a Kro-Flite is barely to dent it.

Whether you hack it or smack it, you will get a thrill from playing the Kro-Flite. For if you top it viciously, it is a thrill to find the ball unmarred, as good as new, for an almost unbelievable number of holes. And when you meet it fair off the tee, the distance you get is worth talking about for the rest of the hole—often for the entire eighteen holes. So let your professional or sports dealer supply you with Kro-Flites. Perhaps you will make a record with this ball, too.

• • •

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GUARANTEED FOR 72 HOLES

We absolutely guarantee replacement of any Kro-Flite Ball which is cut through or becomes unplayable from any cause in 72 holes of play. But we honestly believe that every Kro-Flite is good for many more holes than 72, for it is practically indestructible.

each 75 cents

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Freedom of Speech

IN the crowded noon hour, within our hearing a man struck another for saying, in the presence of the former's wife, "Aw, fer blankety-blank!" The profane gentleman, thus chastised, called a mounted policeman. Several persons, including the insulted wife, tried to explain to the officer the outrageous epithet that had been used.

"Aw, fer blankety-blank," said the confused cop, "will y' all shut up a minute?"

—New Yorker.



"AND WHO IS THE BRIGHTEST BOY IN YOUR CLASS?"

"JOHN IS — HE KNOWS HOW TO WIGGLE HIS EARS."

—Vikingen (Oslo).

Mother India Sets the Stage

WELL, Miss Nancy Ann Miller survived all the ceremonies and is now the wife of Tarkoji Rao, the big outdoor spectacle man of Indore. The whole affair was really an Indian version of "Strange Interlude," except that there were no side remarks allowed.

—H. I. Phillips, in New York Sun.

ONE of the first signs of inexperience is thinking a thing's unusual because it never happened to you before.

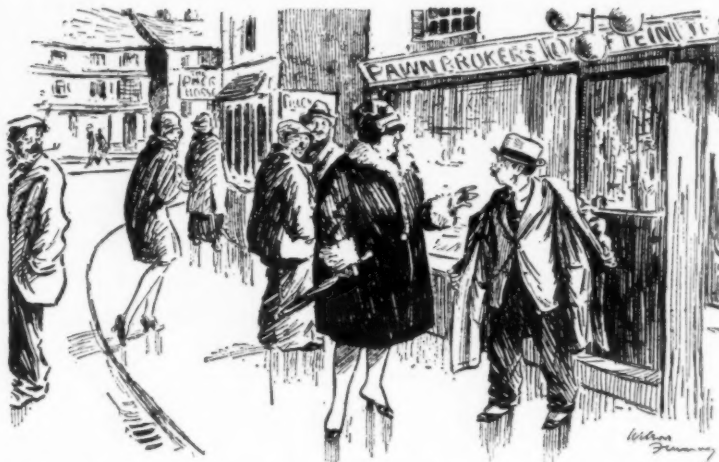
—Farm and Fireside.

"IN the spring you can't trust yourself," says a syndicate writer. Gosh! Who wants to?—Toledo Blade.



Roman Warrior: SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR USED CHARIOT-BLADES?

—Passing Show (London).



Indignant Wife: JUST LIKE YOU AND YOUR LACK OF INTELLIGENCE! JUST BECAUSE YOU FEEL TOO WARM, YOU WOULD GO AND CHOOSE TO TAKE OFF YOUR OVERCOAT OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP, WHEN EVERY ONE IS LOOKING!

—Humorist (London).



"MISERABLE WRETCH! YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!"

"P-PATIENCE, MY DEAR; WAIT JUST A WHILE LONGER—THE POLICE ARE COMPLETELY SWAMPED WITH WORK AT PRESENT."

—Le Petit Bleu (Paris).

What to Wear for Every Occasion

AN Englishman with rather bizarre ideas of dress was visiting at the home of an American, and when he appeared one day at the breakfast table clad in unusually loud apparel his host candidly said:

"Great grief! I wouldn't wear that suit to a dog fight!"

To which the Briton replied:

"But, old top, you didn't tell me you were going to take me to a dog fight."

—Louisville Times.

Between Dances

"MRS. PULENTY, do you think Virginia would be hurt by a little nip of this whisky?"

CHAPERON: Not by a long shot.

—Yale Record.

ANOTHER thing in whose name a good many crimes are committed is landscape gardening.—Ohio State Journal.



Policeman: I'VE 'AD ME EYE ON YOU FOR SOME TIME, MISS. Lady Motorist (archly): OH, CONSTABLE! JUST FANCY! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE PULLING ME UP FOR SPEEDING!

—Tatler (London).



"YOU CAN SEE HE'S CLEVER—HOW WELL HE'S IMITATING THE RADIO!"
—Le Rire (Paris).

A SCHOOL-BOY was asked the other day by his teacher, "How do you spell Schenectady?" He answered, "WGY."
—Congressional Record.

Advice to Young Authors

THE formula for literary success is as follows:

Take the Square Root of Ability and Determination, divided by Laziness; add Good Luck multiplied by the Patience of Editors; subtract Postage and Type-writer Ribbons; extend Endurance to Infinity; multiply the dividend by the Economy of One Wife carried to the n th power; divide among x children and y creditors; borrow five dollars and put the net balance in a bank, if you can find one to open an account for 49 cents.

—Stuff and Nonsense (Bryn Athyn).

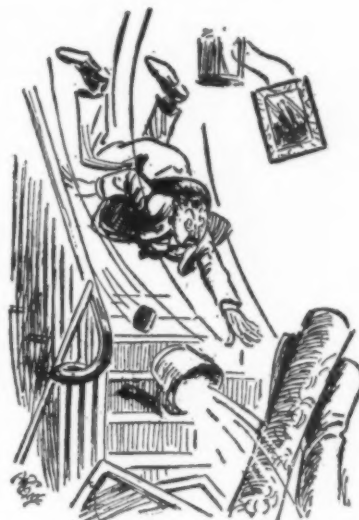
Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Disappointed

SMALL BOY (viewing tiny and very new brother with great disfavor): And they call that an interesting event!

—Sketch (London).

A WRITER declares that a man always shows himself in his work. Especially if the boss is anywhere about.—Humorist.



NOTHING EASIER

Wife (spring cleaning upstairs): IF YOU'RE GOING DOWNSTAIRS, DEAR, YOU MIGHT SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE SOAP!
—Pearson's Weekly (London).

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PROFESSIONAL STICK-UP ARTIST: Say, young feller, hand over that wallet. You amateurs ain't allowed to take money. You only do it for the sport.

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takes you there in luxury. To Iceland, Spitzbergen, Norway, The North Cape and the Scandinavian Capitals. Follow the pathways of the great explorers—as far as the gleaming Ice Barrier.

Leave New York June 30. Cruise 35 days—and you have a lifetime's perfect memories. The moderate cost will delight you, too! Write for interesting details.

Six short cruises—from 18 to 26 days—will be made from Hamburg by the "RESOLUTE", "OCEANA" and "ORINOCO."

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Reddy Tees last longer. Made in one piece of tough white birch, they are hard to split or chip.

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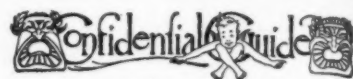
Be sure you get the original and genuine

At the Fights

"YAH! Sock him, ya big goof! Knock his teet' out. Kill him!" ... "How do they know which of them has won, Hubert?" ... "Thirty to twenty on the boy in the green trunks. You take half the bet, Morris, and Abe'll take the other half." ... "Yah! Ya big bum! Lead wit' yer left, notcha chin!" ... "Oh, look, Hubert. There are several women here, aren't there?" ... "Seven and a half to nine that Bozo don't go the whole distance with Kid Goldfarb. You want it, Abe?" ... "Oh, now I

understand. All of them that weigh over a hundred and forty pounds are called heavyweights. Is that right, Hubert?" ... "If these are ringside seats, I'm Annie Laurie." ... "Yah! Nice goin', Red. Moider the big bum!" ... "Oh, Hubert, he's hurting him! I can't look." ... "Hey! Quick, listen, Abe. It's very important—three to one he knocks him out—for a hundred berries. Do you take it?" ... "Yah! G'wan, fight an' quit stall-in'." ... "Hubert, is ice hockey much like this?"

R. L.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned below.

More or Less Serious

American Laboratory. 222 East 54th St.—"Martine," from the French. Directed by Bole-slavsky, and starring a Robert Edmond Jones apple tree in bloom. The season's final production.

Civic Repertory. Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne and her company keeping up the good work of providing drama for drama-lovers at undramatic prices. Six excellently done plays this week. See daily papers for list.

Coquette. Maxine Elliott's—This cynical old town still weeping nightly with Helen Hayes over the tragedy of deep young love gone wrong.

Dracula. Fulton—A horror play based on Bram Stoker's famous novel. A real spine-chiller.

The Furies. Shubert—Laurette Taylor's superb acting, in a less than superb play, again demonstrates the unfailing law of compensation.

Interference. Lyceum—London melodrama. Very polite—and all that—but full of prussic acid.

King Henry V. Hampden's—An authoritative revival, keeping Shakespeare's name in the bright lights.

The Ladder. Cort—A pretty bad break for reincarnation. Free seats and a crowded house.

The Mystery Man. Bayes—Not much one way or the other.

Playing at Love. Republic—To be reviewed later.

Saturday's Children. Forrest—Love versus the budget. With Ruth Gordon, as the young wife, winning out on all counts.

The Scarlet Fox. Masque—Sergeant Devlin of the "Mounted" pursues his man and his duty once again in this new Western melodrama. Not so bad.

The Silent House. Morosco—This is the play for a nice creepy evening. Allan Dinchart and Helen Chandler keep up the mystery till the last curtain.

Strange Interlude. Golden—The dramatic wallop of the season. Five hours of Eugene O'Neill's subtle investigations into human relationships. Lynn Fontanne at her best.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. National—Ann Harding in the box and Rex Cherryman as her attorney-brother reconstruct a thrilling murder story in the courtroom.

Comedy and Things Like That

And So to Bed. Bijou—One of Mr. Pepys' wild oats. A bit of amorous dalliance that didn't get into the Diary.

The Bachelor Father. Belasco—A mixed-up time in a very mixed-up family. June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr are the high spots in this cheery comedy.

The Behavior of Mrs. Crane. Earl Carroll—As the woman who bargains for a husband, Margaret Lawrence manages to insert some charm in a rather silly play.

Burlesque. Plymouth—Back-stage love on the burlesque wheel, with some very fine moments.

Cock Robin. Booth—Murder, mystery, comedy, and Beatrice Herford in a scream of a curtain speech. A good buy.

The Command to Love. Longacre—Diplomacy goes amorous. Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone in a delightful and shocking comedy of Embassy life in Madrid.

Excess Baggage. Ritz—The course of true love in the N. V. A. Excellent theatre with a spectacular finale.

The Ivory Door. Charles Hopkins—This flimsy—or whimsy, or whatever it is—of Mr. A. A. Milne's will do nicely if you still believe in fairies.

March Hares. Little—Interesting satire on temperament, for those who don't ask for too much coherence in their drama.

Our Bitters. Henry Miller's—Mr. Maugham's smartly bitter comedy, with Ina Claire to make it even smarter.

Paris Bound. Music Box—Madge Kennedy up against the always debatable question—what about forgiving your husband? Sophisticated comedy of manners.

The Play's the Thing. Empire—Holbrook Blinn in a trifle by Molnár. Very funny in spots and very risqué in others—but always the gentleman.

(Continued on page 34)

Then would the hostess sniff . . . and moan about her curtains



MAYBE you recall when it simply wasn't respectable to have the faintest smoke-puff touch the curtains.

The idea has changed fortunately for man's peace of mind . . . but then, so have cigars.

They've changed with every other fashion. Dinners now are five courses instead of seventeen. And cigars are different—mildness is the first consideration. Your 1928 man prefers cigars of the Haddon Hall type.

Mildness, fragrance, mellowness—a Haddon Hall fairly whispers the words to you with every soft, blue puff. Satisfying—and soothing enough to keep you contented with life, even when a dinner partner is boring.

You'll find Haddon Halls in New York's leading tobacco shops. 25c down to 10c, according to sizes, which range from the Corona de Luxe to the brief Café Noir. Or—may we send you a folder?



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Haddon Hall

Cigars



Why not, this summer,
gratify that great human
urge of the wanderlust
and **see** something
new

we suggest —

California
Grand Canyon
Indian-detour
Colorado Rockies
Yosemite
Mesa Verde
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A Santa Fe representative will
plan your trip with greatest econ-
omy of time and money —

Santa Fe
is the cool
summer
way

Santa Fe
Xcursions
daily this summer
mail this coupon

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.,
Santa Fe System Lines
1064 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in summer trip to _____
Please send me detailed information and free fold-
ers: "California Picture Book," "Indian-detour" and
"Grand Canyon Outings."

Confidential Drama Guide (Continued from page 32)

The Queen's Husband. *Playhouse*—Roland Young in a part made to order in which he portrays a new type of king in an old type of trouble. Dashing comedy by the author of "The Road to Rome."

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—Thrilling data about the private life of some marvelous stage folk.

The Shannons of Broadway. *Martin Beck*—A rustic comedy, strongly flavored with Broadway, made into a swell show by the Gleasons.

Volpone. *Guild*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Beggar's Opera. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Effective revival of John Gay's interesting work. Quite worth while.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—The Knights of the Round Table do their stuff to some of the best music of the year. With William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Shubert*—One of the pleasantest evenings in town, provided you like catchy music, good dancing, pretty girls and lively comedy. Oh, yes—and Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw.

Funny Face. *Alvin*—Those dancing Astaires doing their best to Gershwin music. William Kent and Victor Moore furnish the fun.

The Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

Golden Dawn. *Hammerstein's*—An elaborate operetta, with good singing but rather thin comedy. Louise Hunter heads the cast.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Co-education with a singing and dancing accompaniment. The 1927-28 pace-maker for musical comedy. Better begin to try to get tickets now.

Keep Shufflin'. *Daly's*—A cracker-jack colored show, with Miller and Lyles.

The Madcap. *Casino*—Mitzi simply refuses to grow up—and that's all right with us.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—Didn't you know Ed Wynn was in this one?

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—Barbara Frietchie does her historic act, and the "rebel yell" and "Yankee Doodle" get mixed up gorgeously in a good musical show.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—A first-rate circus entirely surrounded by Joe Cook.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Elegant musical entertainment, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—Beautiful to see and hear. Some fine harmony, including "Old Man River," and a sumptuous show of early Mississippi days with the troupers. With Charles Winninger, Jules Bledsoe, Helen Morgan and Puck and White.

Sunny Days. *Imperial*—That's right—this was "A Kiss in a Taxi" before they set it to singing and dancing. Frank McIntyre and Billy B. Van provide the laughs.

Take the Air. *Waldorf*—If your Doctor recommends laughter he probably means Will Mahoney.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—The best of Dumas treated royally by Mr. Ziegfeld. Don't think twice. Just go.

Fatherly

THROUGH the good offices of an influential American residing in Paris, an ambitious young girl from New York obtained an audience with Sacha Guitry, the famous actor, who graciously consented to hear her recite.

After listening to a classic or two, the great actor went up to the young aspirant for histrionic honors and placed his hand on her head, as in benediction.

"My dear child," said he, "marry soon. Good-by."—*America's Humor*.

The Way of a Maid

Your offense she may blot from her mind,
When a woman's forgiveness you
crave;

Yet, though she forgives you, you'll find
She will never forget she forgave.

—*California Pelican*.



Away with bad taste and sore throat

WHEN your throat is sore and raspy or a bad taste makes you feel down-in-the-mouth, rinse your mouth with Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant and see how easily it removes all trouble. Use it straight.

This scientific antiseptic mouthwash, while safe to use, is powerful enough to combat the disease-breeding germs that cause sore throat and worse. Also it removes bad taste and bad breath, leaving the mouth tingling with its clean refreshing taste. Try this new antiseptic mouthwash. Use it every morning and every night for a week. And you'll use it always. That's how good it is. At your druggist — two sizes, 35c and 60c

FORHAN COMPANY
New York

Forhan's

ANTISEPTIC REFRESHANT
FOR MOUTH, BREATH AND TASTE HYGIENE



A LOCAL motorcycle cop's idea of a perfect vacation would be to attend a Daytona race against time and not have to do anything about the speeding.

—*Detroit News*.

STUDENT CRUISE TOURS

via the **MEDITERRANEAN**
Shore excursions Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Genoa. Entire tourist class chartered exclusively for American tourists. Literature. INTERCOLLEGIATE TRAVEL BUREAU
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Car rent \$50. a week.
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Among prominent persons and institutions served by the Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

HON. HERBERT C. HOOVER
DR. LEE DEFOREST
ADOLPH OCHS
REX BEACH
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SEA VIEW GOLF CLUB
EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.
CITY OF BATTLE CREEK
U.S. BUREAU OF STANDARDS
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JOHN DAVEY
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Father of Tree Surgery
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What is Davey Tree Surgery service?

What will Davey Tree Surgeons do for you?

First of all, Davey Tree Surgeons diagnose each case to determine what is wrong, if anything. They are especially trained in the diagnosis of tree troubles. If a tree is starving, they feed it in the right way, with the right food elements, at the right time.

If a tree is afflicted with any disease or insect enemies for which there is any known control they treat it with the right spray mixture, in the right way, at the right time, and give it such other attention as conditions warrant.

If a tree has dead limbs, or a dying top, or interfering branches, they prune it scientifically and properly treat the wounds, and give it any other attention that its condition requires, such as appropriate feeding.

If a tree has a splitting crotch or is otherwise

structurally weak, they brace it mechanically by proved Davey methods, to protect it against the tremendous force of the winds.

If a tree has girdling roots that are slowly strangling it, they remove the cause and properly treat the wounds, and then feed it to build up its vitality.

If a tree has decaying cavities that are slowly and progressively destroying it, they treat it by proved Davey methods, unless it is too far gone to save. If any of the other numerous tree troubles are in evidence, they apply proper remedies as far as humanly possible.

All of this is done with remarkable skill and diligence and with devotion to the policies of the Davey Company and the ethics of their profession. They will please and satisfy you. Wire or write nearest office.

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Every day, from everywhere, men are sending us the message that Old Briar is bringing to them all of the genuine pleasure, comfort and contentment of pipe smoking.

Let your own test confirm this. Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Enjoy its solace and the cheer of its slow burning flavory leaf. Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar Tobacco is.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, could produce Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a sensible price.

**Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least**

In sizes at 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2

United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va.

Special Offer To make you acquainted with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking, we will send you on receipt of this coupon a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. Send 10c—coin or stamps—for postage and mailing expense.

Tear out and Mail this coupon with 10c coin or stamps—to

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Print Name.....

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L.F.—4-19-28

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

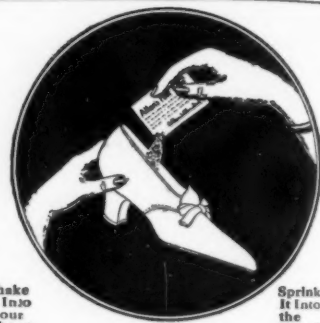
country, and was so long about it that I did fear he had decided to make a better job of it by joining the Navy, but he had not, so finally out Westchester way, stopping at Mr. Sanborn's house in New Rochelle to see his new Gainsborough, the portrait of Lady Mary Durand, very young and lovely, albeit I could not but thank God that I have not so much hair to arrange. Thence to call on this crony and that, being at some pains to drag Sam away from any place soever, and when in the thickest of the return traffic and out of a complete silence he did pipe up, "Do you love me?" I was certain that he had imbibed too freely, and said so, which amused him immoderately, and I was indeed astonished and gratified, in spite of his reassurances, to be set down at our door without mishap. The Bannings for dinner, and I did serve with the salad some of the fine old ham sent me the other day by my Aunt Sally, Sam boasting, with what I do know to be actual misgivings, that it had been in the family for years, and in the conversation which ensued I did add beaten biscuit to the list of things which I consider overrated. And Edith did tell how she telephoned her mother in London as a birthday present to the latter, and how neither could say anything save, "Well, darling, how are you?" and giggle, and as the operator did not cut in with a warning, the charge was one hundred and thirty-five dollars, so that now E. wishes she had sent her parent a fur tippet, or something of similar reminiscent durability. Then playing at comparisons, and Sam vouchsafed that first looking into Chapman's Homer and first being confronted with a dish of plover's eggs differed only in kind and not at all in degree, and after our guests had gone, he besought me to listen to the plot of a play he had suddenly thought up, whereupon I put in a tedious half-hour surreptitiously locking up the Scotch, and so, very weary, to bed.

Baird Leonard.

Canny

BOB: I don't see how you can afford to take so many girls to those high-priced eating places.

JACK: That's easy; I always ask each girl if she hasn't been taking on weight, just before we go in.



Shake
It Into
Your
Shoes

Sprinkle
It Into
the
Foot-Bath

Allen's Foot-Ease

**The Antiseptic, Healing Powder
to shake into your shoes**

Why will you suffer from corns, bunions or calluses, hot, tired, aching feet, when a little Allen's Foot-Ease in the shoes will stop the pain and give you rest and comfort?

It takes the friction from the shoes

And thereby saves its cost in the wear of stockings, and your feet are always ready for the golf course, the dance or a long tramp. You simply forget all about your feet and the pain you have suffered.

Used by the Army and Navy during the war, by golfers, tennis, football and baseball players, stage dancers and all classes of people who must have comfortable feet to do their best.

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Cream of Scotch
Homespun, direct
from makers
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shades desired. NEWALL, 277 Stornoway, Scotland

"THE WORLD IS GOOD . . . THE PEOPLE ARE GOOD"

JACK, I'm here. And I'm certainly glad to be living. Got up this morning with the sun, did five miles (five was the word) and came back to breakfast. Man, that breakfast! You never produced anything like that at camp, even in your best moments. They tell us we're to eat at the same table every day. That pleases Margaret; I rather like it myself, because it makes things seem more like home. . . . This whole place gives you a satisfied feeling. It's our first time down, but they treat us like old friends. If I know anything, we'll be old friends—from now on.

We'd like to send you a booklet about
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Will you
write for a copy?

CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

American Plan

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Hollywood Pastimes

(The Appointment at the Studio)

"I WANT to see Mr. Snaffle."...
 "Whatja want to see him about?"...
 "...It's a personal matter."...
 "Didja have an appointment with him?"... "Yes."... "What time didja have an appointment with him for?"... "Eleven o'clock."... "Well—uh, well—I'll call up his office. What's your name?"... "Jones"..."What?"... "Jones."... "How do you spell it?"... "J-O-N-E-S, Jones."... "What's the first name?"... "William."... "What?"... "W-I-L-L-I-A-M, William."... "Well, uh—well, I'll call up his office."... "I'll be ever so much obliged."... "Hello, dearie. Gimme Mr. Baffle's office. Hello. Mr. Baffle's office? Say, there's a guy by the name of Johns down here says he's got an appointment with Mr. Baffle on a personal matter at eleven o'clock."... "I beg your pardon. But I want to see Mr. Snaffle, not Mr. Baffle. And my name is Jones."... "Oh! You want to see Mr. Snaffle?"... "Yes, please."... "Well, Mr. Snaffle's on a vacation in Europe and won't be back until next October. Wanna leave your phone number an' I'll tell his secretary to tell him to give you a ring when he gets back."

Robert Lord.

Books Received

The Racket. By Bartlett Cormack (Samuel French).

Sally of Show Alley. By Homer King Gordon (Crowell).

Mr. Battle Pays the Bills. By Mary Imlay Taylor (Crowell).

High Thursday. By Roger Burlingame (Scribners).

Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun. By Roark Bradford (Harpers).

Shipwreck in Europe. By Josef Bard (Harpers).

Asia Reborn. By Marguerite Harison (Harpers).

Alger. By Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius).

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. By James Joyce (Modern Library).

Conquistador. By Philip Guedalla (Harpers).

Sam Houston. By George Creel (Cosmopolitan).

The Low-Down. By Charles G. Shaw (Holt).

The Republican Party. By William Starr Myers (Century).

The Democratic Party. By Frank R. Kent (Century).

Deluge. By S. Fowler Wright (Cosmopolitan).

Meet Mr. Mulliner. By P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday, Doran).

Beasts and Super-Beasts. By H. H. Munro (Viking Press).

The Chronicles of Clovis. By H. H. Munro (Viking Press).

What's the verdict of your type of smoker?



What are you?

...pack-an-hour smoker, or pack-a-month?

...heavy Turkish or mild Virginia?

...tobacco-fan or nervous-habit?

What do you think of Spud, the menthol-cooled cigarette?

Is your first puff a moist-cool surprise?

Does the coolness then taper off, resolving into solid tobacco enjoyment?

Does your throat get moister and smoother with each succeeding Spud... instead of dryer and raspier?

Again, is Spud your tonic when you're all smoked out... your life-saver, when you come down with a cold?

Never before have smokers been so intrigued with a cigarette. Never so many stand-patters trying a new idea. Never so many arguments as to what a cigarette is and does. And, with it all, Spud is topping the 20-cent sellers in section after section.

Since Spud began its meteoric career a year ago, we have been hearing many echoes of the great Spud controversy. Now we want direct reports. Won't you

please write us your opinion? Tell us what kind of a smoker you are... how Spud fits in with your smoking likes and habits.

Just write a letter of 300 words or less on "What I think of Spud Cigarettes". \$4,000 cash prizes will be given for the best letters as follows:

1st Prize	\$1000
2nd Prize	500
3rd Prize	250
4th Prize	100
Next 5 Prizes	\$50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes	20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes	10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes	5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes	2 each	800
559 Prizes in all, totaling \$4000		

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Advertising & Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial Director of several business papers and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1—Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing what you think of Spud Cigarettes. 2—Use one side of paper only. Put name and address on manuscript. 3—Address envelope to P. O. Box 2374, Louisville, Kentucky. 4—Envelope must be postmarked before midnight June 30, 1928. 5—No communications acknowledged. No manuscripts returned. 6—In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for. 7—Contestants agree to accept decision of judges as final. 8—Employees of Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company are not eligible.

AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky., Largest Independent Cigarette Manufacturer

SPUD

menthol-cooled

CIGARETTES

20 for 20¢

If you do not now use Spud, you may have a sample (free) by addressing the manufacturer. If Spud Cigarettes are not obtainable near you, and you wish a supply for yourself or your friends, send stamps, check or money order for single package of 20 (20c) or tin of 100 (\$1.00); please name dealer.

FREE BOOKLET

It gives entertainingly, the story of Spud Cigarettes and what people have said about them. Use coupon.

Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
 PLEASE send free booklet, "Welcome, little stranger"

Name.....

Address.....

If you wish SPUD CIGARETTES, check below:
☐ Sample ☐ Package of 20 (Enclose 20c)
☐ Tin of 100 (Enclose \$1.00)

4-1.

Name of Dealer.....



how to fasten a soft collar without a collar-pin

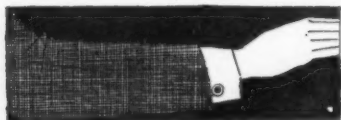
MILLIONS of men who wear soft collars wear them unevenly, untidily—unfastened. . . . But the collar pin, which fastened collars trimly and securely, had its shortcomings. It needed to be improved. And it has been!

Collar pins wore out shirts. They jabbed necks and fingers. They were merely glorified safety pins. Now comes Swank, which holds the softest collar smartly and accurately. And it does this without making a single hole or spearing a single neck. It may be adjusted without removing.

See Swank at your jeweler's or men's shop! A clever, usable article of jewelry. Priced from 50 cents to \$5 in gold-filled qualities and solid gold, plain and engraved. The Baer and Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SWANK

looks like a pin but isn't



Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are helping 10,000,000 men to dress smartly as well as informally. They're the neatest, quickest, most convenient cuff buttons there are!

History of Censorship GREECE

WHEN playwrights in the day of Pericles Began to make too personal a wheeze, They found they had to mind their Q's and P's.

ROME

When Nero played a part in classic Rome, An audience with wisdom in its dome Would clap like hell or else remain at home.

ENGLAND

Will Shakespeare even must have had a dread Of writing lines that might have cost his head, For when he slandered kings, he picked 'em dead.

U. S. A.

What would and what would never, never go, The old producers always used to know, But here they don't until cops close the show.

—Fairfax Downey, in *New York Sun*.

Scientific Fish Story

WILLIAM BEEBE, the big Science and *Arcturus* man, tells it. He had been fishing for hours in a tempting Southern stream, and for all his patience and perseverance not a nibble did he get.

About ready to call it a day, he turned disgustedly away—to notice a little Negro lad standing on the bank, watching him interestedly.

Noting Mr. Beebe's disgust, the lad piped up that he could tell him how to catch some fish.

"How?" asked Beebe.

"You-all jest soak that worm in a little whisky befoh you puts it on yoh hook," spake the colored one, "and jest yoh see if yoh don' catch somethin'!"

With a fairly hopeless gesture Beebe, willing to try anything once, did as he was bid. He selected a worm, soaked it in a little whisky that he had with him for purely cough purposes, baited his hook, threw it over, and waited.

But let him tell it:

"I chucked my line over, and it wasn't two minutes before there was a tremendous tug. This little colored kid knew something, I thought, and I began to reel in. And there it was, a sixteen-inch trout—not on the hook, but dead, with the worm having a strangle-hold around its neck!"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

But Not for Long Usually

"THE complaint that woman's new-found freedom is leaving her with nothing that is exclusive to woman is slightly exaggerated," remarked the Cynic; "she still has her husband."—*Detroit News*.

TEACHER: Willie, how do you define ignorance?

WILLIE: It's when you don't know something, but some one finds it out.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.



After you have shot your sixth consecutive ball into the water hazard

—the proper procedure is to grasp your bags and clubs in either the right or the left hand, or vice versa, and nonchalantly throw them to join the balls, after which it is customary to purchase a set of Wilson Inter-related irons and a new box of balls from your pro or dealer.

The Hol-Hi—a real golf ball for particular golfers, \$1.00 each.....\$10.75 per dozen.
The Dura-Dist—a fine ball guaranteed for 72 holes, 75c each.....\$9.00 per dozen.
The Cheerio—a sturdy golf ball guaranteed for 54 holes, 50c each.....\$6.00 per dozen.

Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Belmont Hospitality

IDEALLY CONVENIENT

BESIDES enjoying a superlative cuisine and a flawless personal service that anticipates and meets their every want, Belmont guests are so conveniently located that they save time and expense in reaching any part of New York City.

The Belmont stands just across from the Grand Central Terminal, with which it is connected by interior corridors, by which arrangement guests are enabled to avoid the street crowds in passing to and from the hotel.

These inside passageways also connect with the subways by which one can speed north or south, east or west, to all points of Manhattan, in a fraction of the time needed by surface modes of travel.

Hotel Belmont

Park Ave. and 42nd St.

At Grand Central Terminal

New York City

A BOWMAN BILTMORE HOTEL

Interesting Experiences of an Acquaintance of Mine

(I have his word for it...)

HE visited a night club. At a nearby table sat a woman of startling beauty whom he recognized as a world-famous diva. Ignoring her escort, she stared invitingly at my acquaintance, her whole heart in her great dark eyes. Somewhat disgusted, he arose to go; as he walked past her, she dropped her handkerchief at his feet with a tremulous smile. He simply pretended not to have seen this somewhat pathetic overture... He wished my opinion whether there is a subtle attraction about him that would account for the unfortunate infatuation that overcomes most women in his presence. I told him no.

HE went fishing on a stream in Florida. Soon he had a tremendous strike—realized that he was fast to something huge. Although his tackle was light, he set his jaw and grimly determined to fight it out. He was towed by this monster eleven miles to the coast and fourteen miles out to sea. He did not get back until ten A. M. of the following day, when he found that his boat had been eroded an inch deep at the water line by the speed of the trip. At times he had noticed what looked like steam arising... He had no idea what this gargantuan creature could have been and wanted to know what I thought. I thought it was probably the Les Angeles.

HE bought a new car. While passing through Times Square one rainy day, he had to stop suddenly to avoid hitting a pedestrian (whom he recognized as his friend, J. P. Morgan). Immediately the car turned end for end on the slippery pavement. To neutralize this motion, he stepped on the accelerator, a trick he had learned from dear old Barney Oldfield, and the car whirled in the opposite direction, even faster.

**read Life
regularly
EVERY week!**



All Outdoors is Yours with the Cruisabout!

The whole story of the Cruisabout is told in the Cruisabout folder, freely and instantly sent at your request.

Whether you want to fish, or just idle easily through some peaceful inland river, or run through a heavy blow, the Cruisabout is your boat!

Fitted for your every comfort, the Cruisabout will reveal to you a pleasure which the landlubber can never know! There are no crowded, dusty roads on the water, and your speed is limited only by your inclination.

There is no greater sport in the world than motor boating, and no greater boat of its class than the Cruisabout.

RICHARDSON BOAT COMPANY

398 Sweeney street North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Cruisabout display rooms in:

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia Detroit
Washington Amityville, Long Island

Richardson
MASTER *Cruisabout* 28'

Being a lightning thinker in emergencies, he clapped on the emergency brake, which once more reversed the motion. Spinning terrifically like a huge top, the car moved sideways into the screaming crowd, spooning up four men onto the running board as it went on its mad career, and it was only his large experience as a deep-water sailor that prevented him from becoming incapacitated at the wheel... He wanted to know if I didn't think it fortunate that no one was killed. I said I was not so sure about that.

HE attended a revue, sitting away down front near the conductor. He hummed the music (which was very fair) with a good deal of spirit, beating time with his program. Suddenly the conductor turned and remarked, "Come on up and lead 'em

yourself!" Although pleased with the compliment, my acquaintance modestly shook his head and went right on humming. Thereafter, the conductor frequently turned and looked hard at him... He wanted to know if I could imagine why the man stared so. I said he had probably mistaken him for Gershwin.

HE resigned his position in a business firm after calling the boss's attention to the inefficiency of two of the partners and the general manager. He felt that he was simply wasting his talents in any such atmosphere... He wanted to know if I knew of a good opening for him. We happened to be passing one just at that moment and I pushed him down it. My appetite is returning and I feel better than I have felt for years.
H. F.

read **Life** regularly
EVERY week!

Coming

(May 3rd)

The

BURLESQUE NUMBER

featuring

The Saturday Evening Post — True Confessions — Harper's Bazar — Scientific American — College Humor — American Mercury — Collier's — and many other foolish contemporaries.

The cover is by John Held, Jr.



Coming

(May 10th)

The

NEW LIFE

And when we say "new" we mean NEW — This number (which will be out in three weeks) is the most important event in LIFE'S history—watch for it!

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WEST PALM BEACH — Hotel El Verano (Winter)
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TAMPA—Hillsboro Hotel (Winter)
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